

Methodist Magazine
and review

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CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

DEVOTED
— TO —
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REV. W. M. WITHROW, D.D.

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JULY, 1886.

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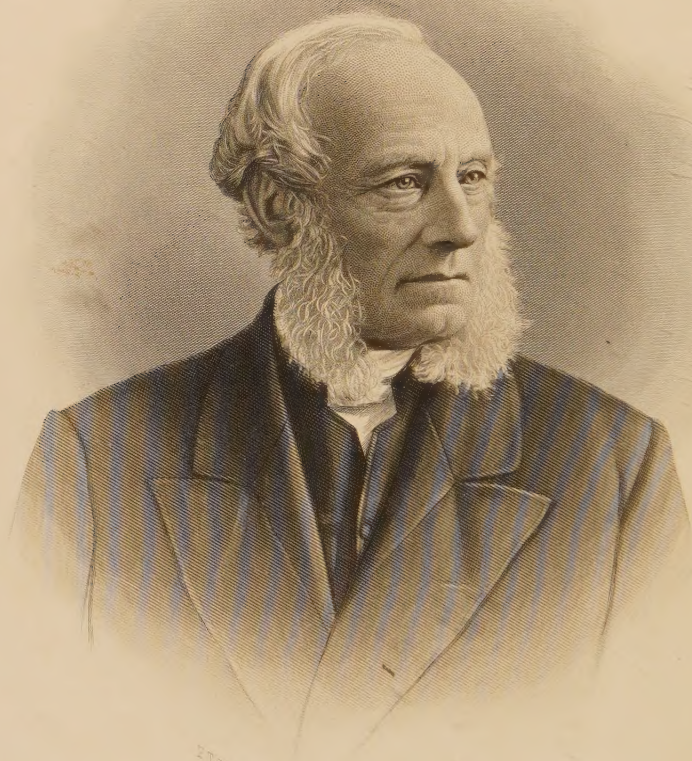
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Saml. P. Rice

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1886.

SAMUEL DWIGHT RICE, D.D.

It is not intended to give here a biographical record of the late Dr. Rice. That has been already ably done in this MAGAZINE by the pen of his faithful friend the Rev. W. S. Blackstock. The purpose is rather to present a loving tribute to his memory from some who knew him long and well.

The personal acquaintance of the present writer with Dr. Rice goes back nearly thirty years. We well remember how, when a timid youth, we first left home for Victoria College, his fatherly kindness took off the edge of loneliness and inspired a confidence and love that increased with each succeeding year. At several subsequent periods we were brought into intimate—very intimate—relations with him whose loss our Church deploras. At a time when, as President of the old Canada Conference, the care of all the churches came upon him daily, as well as the responsibilities of the large and flourishing college of which he was the head, as his assistant in the college we saw him almost every day. We saw him under the pressure of duties and anxieties that would tax to the utmost the patience and the grace of any man. And our admiration of the nobility of his character, of his utter frankness and sincerity, of his unswerving integrity, and of the moral grandeur of the man, grew the stronger as we knew him the more. A more unselfish man there never lived. In his devotion to the cause of God and to the Church of his choice his personal interests were not for a moment taken into account. He would cheerfully sacrifice everything, if need were, and he did sacrifice much, in the discharge of his public and official duties. So tenacious was he of what his judgment convinced

him was right that no power on earth could coerce or cajole him from the line of duty, however arduous. Had he lived in a time of persecution he would have suffered martyrdom in its direst form rather than purchase exemption by the least compliance with evil—by so much as dropping a single grain of incense on the idol altar. He was the stuff of which heroes are made. He had all the prompt vigour, the firm self-reliance, the dauntless daring of a great military commander. In debate, his erect form, his eagle eye, his incisive speech, his firm will, his aggressive method made him a very type of the Church militant. Yet, as Dr. Douglas so beautifully remarks, no differences of opinion or action on public questions were ever permitted to affect with the least shade of coolness the warmth of his private friendships.

With Dr. Rice's strength of will and fixedness of purpose were combined a largeness of mind and breadth of view which prevented those qualities from degenerating into rigid immobility. His attitude to the union question is an illustration of this progressive growth and modification of sentiment. While at one time strongly opposed to certain concessions needed to secure a feasible basis of union, his conviction of the importance of that great movement led to the adoption of views which made possible the granting of those concessions.

Dr. Rice's piety was not, in the maturer years of our mutual acquaintance, marked by emotional characteristics. Religion was with him an intense conviction, an abiding principle; not a matter affected by changing phases of feeling. Yet in the early years of his Christian life, his eager, sanguine temperament made his daily walk one continuous song of joy and thanksgiving. "Then was his mouth filled with laughter and his tongue with singing." That sanguine confidence never forsook him, although it became more chastened in its outward expression.

Dr. Stewart well points out how, in the providence of God, Dr. Rice was led to devote much of his time and energy to the educational work of the Church. Both in the east and the west this was his task. But his special monument was the Wesleyan Ladies' College at Hamilton. To his wise foresight, indefatigable energy, and able administration during nearly a score of years its remarkable success is largely due. The early

years of the College were years of hard struggling. The times were bad and an interest in the higher education of women had to be created in the country. But costly as was the effort, both in toil and money, it has been abundantly repaid; for more than any other agency, it has contributed to give the education of young women its present proud position in Canada. All over this land the *alumnæ* and ex-students of this College are found, adorning with the graces of Christian culture the social circle, lending the charm of their influence to the cause of religion, and some of them sharing the trials and triumphs of missionary life. Among the most touching of the last love-tokens at the funeral of Dr. Rice were a beautiful floral cross and floral anchor from the officers and students of this College. In the affections of these *alumnæ* his memory lives as that of a tried and true and trusted friend.

To the larger educational schemes of our Church Dr. Rice devoted with enthusiasm the latest years of his life, and by his excessive toils on their behalf he no doubt shortened his days. Even on his death-bed, when suffering excruciating paroxysms of pain, his thought and conversation was not of himself but of the Church of God and of plans for the advancement of His cause. When told, a few hours before his death, that the end was very near, the grand old Christian soldier combated the idea: he thought that God had something more for him to do. He had no fear, not a shadow of a doubt, he said, but he wanted to live and labour on for the glory of God and welfare of man. Among the latest thoughts in his mind was an eager anxiety concerning a Relief Fund for the united Methodism of Canada, that should lift a crushing burden of care, in consequence of inadequate support and embarrassed church trusts, from the hearts of many of his brethren, both clerical and lay.

Of Dr. Rice, in other aspects of his character, we have spoken elsewhere.* We gladly give place for the following touching tributes of some of his old companions in arms—first, that of the Rev. Dr. Douglas:—

MY DEAR DR. WITHROW,—In your kind favour you ask me to supply a few reminiscences to accompany the engraving of the dear departed Dr.

* In those stories of Canadian Methodism, "The King's Messenger," and "Life in a Parsonage," which have appeared in this MAGAZINE, Dr. Rice is the original of the character described as Dr. Dwight.

Rice. In attempting to revisit the happy isles of the long ago and exhume some of their buried memories, tender and fragrant for evermore, I frankly own to a feeling of hesitation from my inability to fill out any adequate ideal of those attributes which enriched his manly and saintly character. It was in the summer of 1854 that I first met our friend, when I stepped from the steamer at the Kingston wharf. The Doctor was on the vernal side of forty. His tall and stately form, his ample brow, the penetrating glance of his eye, softened by the light of kindliness, the firmly compressed lips, indicating power in reserve, the antique clerical dress, the semblance of military hauteur combined with winsome cordiality, the rippling smile that lighted his features, and the crisp style of address, at once awoke in me an admiration which deepened into an affection which not years, not change, not death itself can ever diminish or destroy. My subsequent association with him as a colleague in the city of Hamilton, and in the conduct of public business, only tended to deepen the impressions first made by his strong personality and elevated character.

I have ever felt that our friend held within him great possibilities. The very brilliance of his opening ministry, revealing as it did unusual endowments, entailed upon him all too soon Connexional responsibilities which led to certain limitations. The constant absorption of his mind in the broad interests of the Church made it a marvel how he could sustain his mental status in the pulpits and on the platforms which he ever strengthened and dignified by his presence and service.

It was not in the realm of the philosophic, as it outreaches into the speculative and ideal, that he excelled; his mind was essentially legal and logical. He delighted to discuss great ethical questions as they were interpenetrated with evangelical truth. His was not the power of a creative imagination that, all sportive as dissolving light, gives out its many tinted hues, but that realistic power which connected principle with a practice that led the way to their terminal effect in loyalty to God and righteousness of life. These were the qualities which gave him a commanding power over the consciences of those to whom he ministered. Never have we known a minister of our Canadian Methodism whose Connexional sympathies were so universal. Throwing himself with youthful enthusiasm into the educational work in the East; giving his mature strength to the founding of an institution for the higher education of the daughters of our Israel; with heroic purpose exiling himself in advanced age to lay the foundations of our Church broad and deep in the coming empire of the West, he was ever fruitful in plans—progressive, ingenious in constructive device.

His adventurous spirit plucked opportunity out of the teeth of disadvantage and left the footprints of his achievements along the pathway of his career. His name must evermore fill a page of prominence in the annals of our Church.

It was, however, the moral grandeur of our brother's character which woke the admiration of all. Every fibre of his moral being was on the line of righteousness. Right was the foundation of his actions. All consequences he left with God. His intelligent and loyal attachment to the Methodist

Church was deep and abiding. Indeed, I have thought that her spiritual epochs were absorbed into his experimental life. Self-denying and active with the Methodists of Oxford, sweetly simple in his trustful confidence with the Moravian communities of Fetter Lane, his spirit evermore aspired to the consecrated life of Bristol, and the beatitude of that consummating love which makes Madeley a memory forever. Wherever were found those who walked with Christ in white, there was found our friend's chosen society, and there was he held in highest trust and honour.

I cannot omit reference to the instinctive nobility and warmth of his nature. King amongst men, gifted with the power of leadership, his tendency was all unconsciously autocratic. Standing, as we did, at the opposite poles, the conflicts of opinion relative to the economic arrangements of the Church were frequent and severe. Yet I could never discover, after the most diverse expression of views, that the warmth, the confidence, the tenderness of his friendship was in the least affected. No base personality, no imputation of unworthy motives, no ill-disguised ambitions ever tarnished the lustre of his public record.

But we linger too long over memories that are dear to us and a friendship that has been a solace and a stay amid the rough tyrannies of life. Not when the spring-time comes and the bud opens responsive to the wooing of the sun; not when the hillsides are mantled with their leafy covering of green, is there the greatest beauty; but when the autumnal radiance rests upon the landscape, when every tint and every colouring that Nature can bring out of her laboratory is scattered with prodigal hand on the fluttering and dying leaves, there is the very crown of beauty. Beautiful was the departed in youth, when his was the rapture of a soul in its earliest love, as we have heard from his spiritual father, the venerable Mark Trafton; beautiful in the maturity of his manhood, with its aggressive power, its genial ministries, its glad companionships and fond affections that lightened the home; but when the softening influence of age had abated the positive and chastened the aggressive, when all-maturing grace had thrown its charms of loveliness over the imperial manhood, then did the radiance of the heavenly begin to rest upon him, all prophetic of a coming glory. Through the depth of unutterable pain he advanced with fortitude and unfaltering faith to meet the last enemy. The conflict was sharp but the victory assured. No *Jubilate* of exulting triumph was on his anguished lips; nor was it needed, for his life was one grand, sweet song, attuned to the notes of entire consecration to duty and to God. His work is done, his night of weeping is o'er, his morning of joy has come—its heavenly light has tipped his golden-spired apocalypse, its mystery is for him unfolded, the beatific vision revealed. Evergreen shall be his memory in the hearts of thousands who shared his fatherly care and wise and faithful counsels.

Ryerson,—colossal, majestic, throned by his deeds as an abiding power in all the land.

Rice,—heroic, loyal and generous, faithful unto death.

From the former we received a solemn trust; to the latter it was transmitted and held with a martyr's fidelity. We stand between the sainted

dead, and can only wait in hope that when you, my dear friend, have resigned your cultured pen, and ours is an accomplished ministry, we shall rejoin our ascended brethren and walk with them the heavenly city in blissful fellowship, and with them worship with those around the throne.

GEO. DOUGLAS.

The Rev. Dr. Stewart, Professor of Theology of Sackville University, who is familiar with Dr. Rice's record in the Eastern Conferences, and of the esteem in which his memory is there held, writes as follows :

Widely as he was known and esteemed, the late Dr. Rice was nowhere regarded with greater affection than in the Maritime Provinces of this Dominion ; and we believe that nowhere did his large heart respond with greater fervour to the affection of his friends. Though the greater part of his life was spent in Western Canada, he did not forget that he himself originally belonged to the East, and he never lost his feeling of deep regard for his co-labourers and successors there. The place of his spiritual birth was there. Methodist people make much of this event in the history of a good man, and particularly that of a minister of Christ. Our brother formed no exception to this rule. He looked upon it as the "one thing needful" to the production of true manhood, as well as to the possession of the meetness for the life to come. And for such belief he had the highest reason. While yet a lad, full of life, of hope, and of love for the pleasure of this world, without a thought of its possible emptiness, or its real sinfulness, he was "convinced of all and judged of all" under the ministry of the late Rev. Arthur McNutt, whose apostolic spirit and address were eminently adapted to win over a generous-hearted youth to respect and confidence. The crisis was short and decisive. The sorrows of his repentance were genuine. His faith was that of the heart unto righteousness. Out of the bewildering darkness, so suddenly made visible, he emerged into the clear light of a joyous day, and with the mouth he made confession unto salvation. His was the true conversion of a strong soul ; and thenceforth, with no palsied arrest of native vigour, and no sicklied sentimentality, he lived and acted upon the conviction that "God gave us not a spirit of fearfulness, but of power, and love, and discipline."

A thorough spiritual consecration soon found scope for doing good. Then came the "call" to higher service. His response, though uttered in unaffected diffidence, was distinct and prompt. There was not then, nor ever afterwards, though there were temptations to it, any conferring with flesh and blood in reference to the work of the ministry. Like his brethren, he had to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Some still remember how he was summoned away from a circuit in the north of New Brunswick, at the beginning of winter, to occupy a lonely station on the Island of Cape Breton, and how amidst much exposure, and no small risk of health, and even of life, he at once undertook the task, and fulfilled a

mission, upon which, for its effects upon his own training, and its spiritual good to others, he was accustomed to look back with gratitude to the close of life.

From the beginning his style of preaching was solid, earnest and practical. Aiming at the heart of his hearers, he was careful to put before their understanding the great essentials of the Gospel, while he studiously avoided all artifice and extravagance. To listen to his message was to feel "how forcible are right words," but often the power and unction that accompanied that message made the listener oblivious to anything but the eternal verities with which it dealt. In his public ministry he sought for effect—for immediate soul-saving results—and often in powerful revivals, as well as in the more regular services of the sanctuary, "God granted him that which he requested."

There were two subjects with which he early made himself familiar, and the treatment of which in his hands was masterly from first to last of his public career: The Christian use of money, and the unspeakable importance of Christian education. Noble and self-sacrificing himself, he wished all others to prove that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." As he knew that in this matter he was right, and as he saw the vast importance of a general practical recognition of sound views on this subject, he made most strenuous efforts to bring it home to the conscience of the Church. His cogent reasoning, his startling appeals, and, if need be, even scathing rebukes or keen exposures of latent covetousness, often produced the best effects, even although for the present the awakening was "not joyous."

At a very early period of his ministerial life he was connected with the collection of the funds for establishing our Educational Institution at Sackville, N.B. Probably this fact led him to a careful examination of the whole bearing of the subject of Christian education. Subsequently, in his relation to Victoria University, and particularly in his long and valued labours as Governor of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, he had the opportunity of putting his principles into operation, and of testing their value. As the years rolled on he became more and more impressed with the magnitude of this department of the Church's work, and of its inseparable relation to the best interests of humanity and the glory of Christ. It can never be forgotten how, in the General Conference, he threw his soul into aggressive action on this behalf, and cheered with his sanguine anticipations the spirit of those who were charged more immediately with its high responsibilities. His fatal sickness is in part, at least, to be attributed to his consuming labours to arouse, inform and guide the Connexion on this subject. He counted no expenditure of energy too great, if he might but bring the Methodist Church to realize its full measure of obligation in this particular.

And this fact brings into view another element of his character, namely, his thorough connexionalism. He perceived the value of that unity which binds Churches together, which enables them to "bear one another's burdens," to participate in one another's privileges, and to arm themselves against a common foe, or to act with concentrated force in aggressive movements. Providentially, he had become personally acquainted with

almost every part of our work, having laboured from Cape Breton in the East to Winnipeg in the West, and he knew the necessities of remote and feeble missions, as well as of the more prominent centres of population. Hence his views were not narrow and localized, but broad and sympathetic. He would assist, and encourage, and stimulate; he would forecast and develop; he would exercise patience, and, in full confidence in the blessing of Heaven, wait for assured success. Full well he knew the truth of the maxim that to expect great things from God we must attempt great things for God.

Genuine kindness and true respect entered into all his friendships. He could discern true worth in its modest retirement, and he would gladly make any possible sacrifice to relieve it from difficulty or to promote its lawful aspirations. Yet none the less he could detect selfishness, or vanity, or ingratitude, if they ever crossed his path.

But, as it was at the outset so it was to the last, the source of his manifold excellencies was in the grace of God, conditioned upon a sincere and constant devotion to the Divine will. It was this that lifted him up to the plane of usefulness along which his busy and influential life was passed. It was this which maintained within his heart that perennial cheerfulness which never failed him. None knew better than himself that he was but a man, and that "the way of man is not in himself." But beside all this lay the conviction of the all-sufficiency of the grace of God. If to some the rapidity of his generalizations or the force of his will might be judged to be imperfections, or be felt to be causes of discomfort, yet none could challenge his integrity or doubt the purity and elevation of his motives. And so, both in days of toil and nights of affliction, he fell back on the all-availing and all-perfect sacrifice of Christ for acceptance with God. Such "hope maketh not ashamed." It was in his heart to conquer fell disease, and rise to renewed activity. The Master gave him to conquer death, and, ere he knew the change, he obtained "joy and gladness," even "life for evermore."

CHARLES STEWART.

The Rev. Dr. Harper, who was often intimately associated with Dr. Rice, thus bears his loving tribute to his memory:—

My acquaintance with the late Dr. Rice began in 1848, the year after his coming to the Province with the Rev. Dr. Wood. We were associated in missionary services held in Niagara, Thorold, St. Catharines, and other parts of the old Niagara District. I received a favourable impression of him as a courteous Christian gentleman, frank, dignified, and manly.

In 1850 he was appointed to the superintendency of the Kingston city churches, embracing Bay Street, which had belonged to the British Conference, and Wellington Street, which represented the Canada Conference, and of which I had been in charge the preceding year. He became Chairman of the District, and was at the time the youngest minister among us filling such an office. Although the elements composing the united circuit were far from harmonious, yet the wisdom, piety and fidelity evinced by Mr.

Rice were successful in amalgamating the membership so thoroughly that a gracious revival resulted from our combined labours, and was followed by the erection of the Sydenham Street Church, in which the congregations became truly one. I look back on that year as one of the most pleasant in its memories of the whole of my ministerial life. Our acquaintance ripened into a sincere and profound regard for each other which was never afterwards interrupted.

I sorrowed deeply that the Conference of 1851, by appointing me to Adelaide Street, Toronto, severed me from the advantages and pure pleasures while associated with Mr. Rice and the kind people under our care.

In 1854, when the Rev. James Elliott was leaving the Hamilton City Circuit, his full term having been completed, Mr. Rice was appointed to his place, and had the Rev. C. Lavell and myself as his colleagues. As in the former instance, a most harmonious year was spent together, and a few weeks' labour from Dr. and Mrs. Palmer in the month of October was owned of God in quickening into life the seed previously sown, and more than five hundred souls were brought into the membership of the Church. At the following Conference (1858) I had to leave, my term being up, to take charge of Belleville. I grieved again in parting fellowship with these brethren, than whom truer-hearted men never breathed, nor men of brighter integrity and more genuine piety.

In 1864, after six years' absence, I was re-appointed to Hamilton. This time I had charge of both the Circuit and the District, and Dr. Rice, now at the head of our Wesleyan Ladies' College there, came under my superintendency. I found him still the same loyal, loving, laborious son of the Church that he had been before. Our friendship and brotherly affection suffered no diminution, but became riper and more tender than ever. I taught Italian to certain classes in the College, and was in his company nearly every day, and being during my term a member of the Board of Directors, I had additional opportunities of noting the unreserved devotion of Dr. Rice to this part of the Church's work, the Christian education of the youth placed under our care. His labours here, although of a different kind from those of circuit work, were by no means light or of the nature of a sinecure. Religious, moral, domestic, and financial ability were called into requisition to the fullest extent, and I think that all will admit to a degree not easily excelled.

In 1867 I was, for the third time, severed from the agreeable fellowship of my friend, now more beloved and respected than ever before; but, in 1873, when the rarely-gifted and popular Morley Punshon was recalled by the authorities of the British Conference, and our great and prosperous Church, now grown to giant proportions, required a wise, a steady, and a strong man at its head, Dr. Rice was, by an almost unanimous vote, called to the responsible position. It was again my happiness and honour to be associated with him as the co-delegate, and thus for the fourth time we were found drawing under the same yoke. The history of that year and the succeeding one (for the Conference wisely retained in 1874 the hand

that had so safely and wisely guided its course in 1873) is so fresh in the memory of us all as to need only this reference.

It is just here, were I not taking too much of your space, that I would like to speak of Dr. Rice. Although differing widely from him in many of his views, especially those where financial questions were involved, I would nevertheless delight to mention his dignity, urbanity, clear-headedness, and impartiality as a presiding officer; his sympathy, tenderness and kindness as a friend; his self-sacrificing spirit and heroic labours as a minister; his fidelity and zeal as a steward and servant of the Divine Master; his large-hearted catholicity of spirit towards other Churches of Christ, while still a true and progressive Methodist;—these points might be greatly extended, by facts and incidents within my personal knowledge, but I must refrain from further touching them. “Take him for all in all, I ne’er shall look upon his like again.” “Fare thee well, but not forever.” We shall meet again. Peace be thy quiet and lonely bed. May Heaven guard thy dust! Thou art not left alone. The Infinite Father will watch over thy ashes, and mighty generations sleep around thee.

“Not to thy eternal resting-place
Dost thou retire alone;
With patriarchs of the ancient world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise and good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.”

E. B. HARPER.

“PEACE, PERFECT PEACE.”

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press’d?
To-day the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus’ bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus’ keeping we are safe, and they.

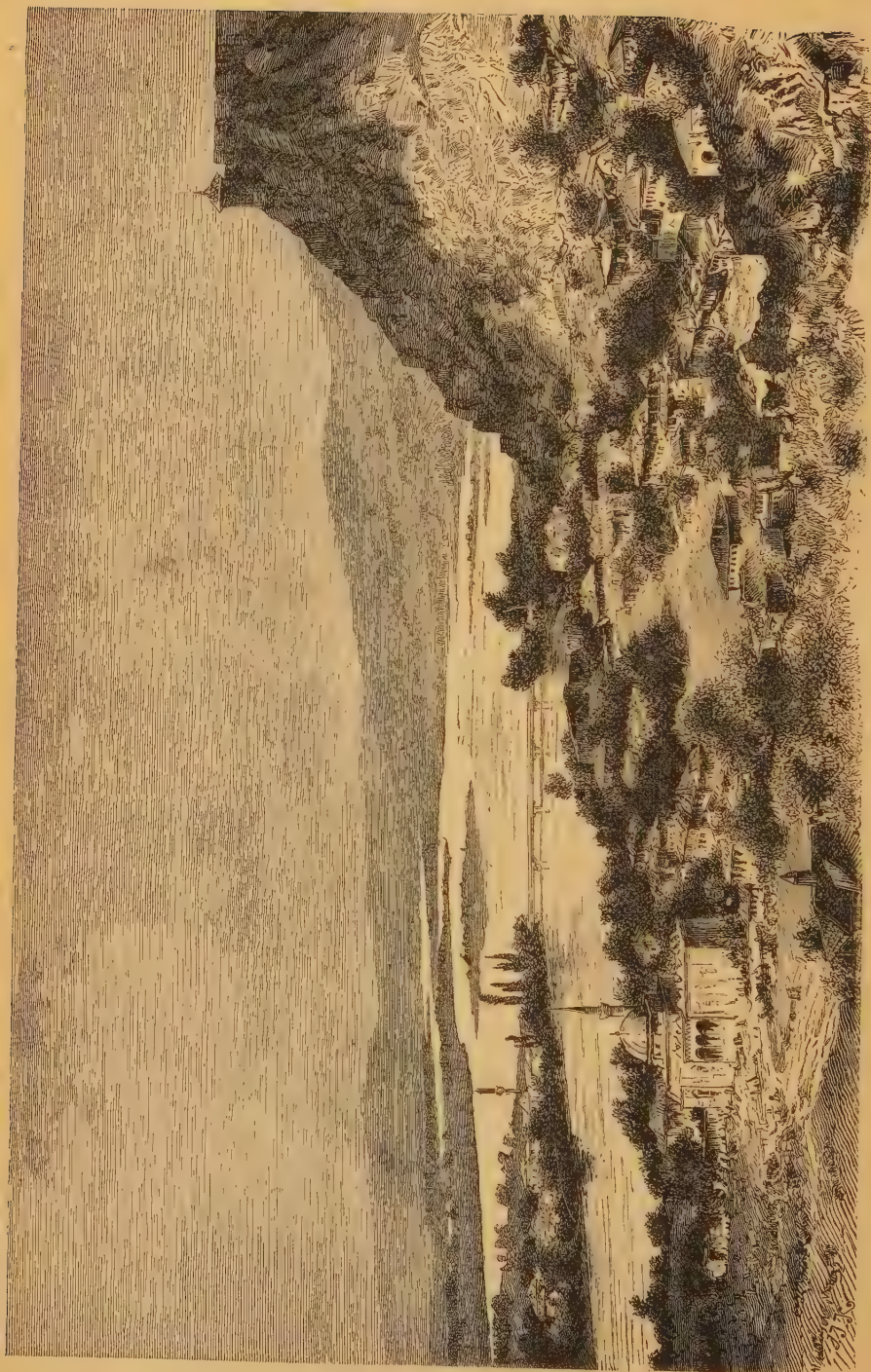
Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, in suffering’s sharpest throes?
The sympathy of Jesus breathes repose.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth’s struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven’s perfect peace.

—*Bishop of Exeter.*



THE BOSPHORUS—FROM SCUTARI.

THROUGH THE BOSPHORUS.



THE GOLDEN HORN.

THIS historic strait between Europe and Asia is one of the most important water-ways in the world. The Power that holds the Bosphorus* holds the key of two continents. The prescience of Constantine saw this and founded the city that still bears his name. For fifteen hundred years it has been the pivot on which important destinies of East and West have turned. Byzantine, Crusader and Moslem have held in turn this coign of vantage.

The present decrepitude of the Ottoman Empire can give no idea of its strength in the fiery zeal of its youth, nor of the

*The Bosphorus (Greek *βόσπορος*, Ox-ford) at its narrowest spot is only half a mile wide. It perhaps got its name because an ox can swim across, or more probably from the legend of the transformation of Io. The Dardanelles or straits connecting the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora—the Darning-needles as the sailors sometimes call them—take their names from four castles or forts on opposite sides of the Hellespont. At one point the strait is only 800 yards wide and may be closed by a chain. At the site of the ancient Abydos, Leander swam across the rushing tide to visit Hero—a feat also accomplished by Lord Byron—and here Xerxes, with his army, crossed the strait. Till 1870 no war vessel was allowed to pass without permission of the Sultan. But there is now no restriction to its navigation.

apprehensions which it caused throughout the West. A new crusade was waged by the Christian Powers, not to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the power of the Turks, but to prevent the subversion of the Christian faith in its very strongholds. Their corsair fleets swept the Mediterranean, and the terrible Janissaries were the scourge of Central Europe.

For two hundred years the tide of battle ebbed and flowed across the great Sarmatian plain, between Vienna and Belgrade ; and Germany became in the sixteenth century, as Spain had been in the eighth, the bulwark of Christendom.



TOWER OF HERO AND LEANDER.

It is strange that the Power which was long the standing menace of other nations of Europe should now exist only by the sufferance or jealousy of those very nations. Yet feeble and decrepit as is Turkey, no country excites such regard. The interest thickens around the "sick man's" couch. He holds the key of empire in his trembling grasp. Into whose hands shall it pass when it falls from his? This is *the* question of the day—the Gordian knot, whose intricacy, insoluble by any diplomatic skill, may, possibly, yield only to the keen edge of the sword.

The picturesque aspect of the city of Constantine is justly celebrated. But the favourable impression made by the beautiful hilly shores, begemmed with gardens and villas, vanishes at

the first glimpse of the interior of the city. The streets before the recent great fires were nearly all narrow, crooked and very dirty, the houses dilapidated, and the air filled with offensive

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE



odours. The streets, till recently, were unlighted by night, are ill-paved, and swarm with masterless dogs. The old city is about twelve miles in circumference and is enclosed by a triple wall and moat. The present population is estimated at about a

million, but no regular census is taken. More than half the population are Moslems, the remainder are Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Persians and European Christians. The noble harbour of the Golden Horn will accommodate 1,200 ships and is thronged with the vessels of all nations. The houses are mostly wood and disastrous fires are frequent—sweeping away thou-



A BUTCHER OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

sands of houses in a single night. In one which occurred in 1870, 1,500 people lost their lives. The fire-engines—or rather pumps—are almost worthless; and after racing to the spot, firemen sit down to be hired before they will work. The only scavengers of the streets are the fierce wolf-like dogs. They all have their own quarters, and woe to the unlucky dog who strays beyond his own. He is immediately set upon and devoured, unless he lies down on his back and puts up his paws in token of surrender. Then his assailants compel him to retreat to his own quarter.

Decay and improvidence mark everywhere Turkish rule, and are seen in the tangled neglect of their cemeteries, as contrasted with the beauty and order of that of the English soldiers at Scutari.

A feature peculiar to Constantinople is the bazaars or market-halls—large fire-proof buildings lighted from above—in which hundreds of tradesmen retail their wares, and some of which enclose several streets. The suburb of Pera is the principal residence of the foreign Ministers and Christian population. A pneumatic underground railway connects Pera and the populous suburb of Galata, thus avoiding the tedious ride through the steep and crowded streets.

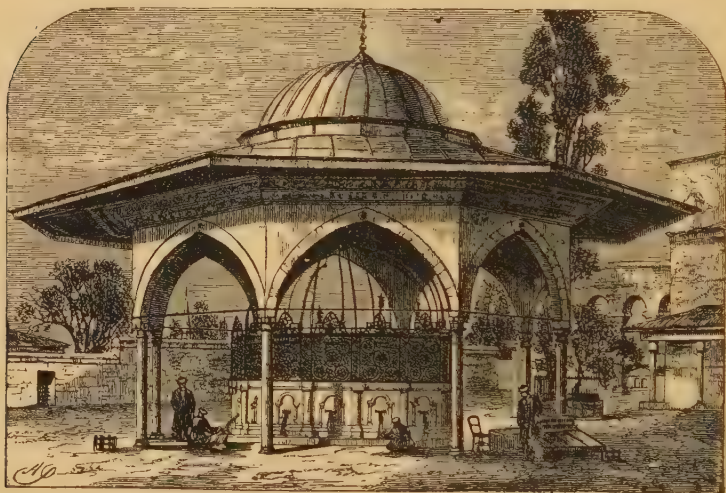
Constantinople is the seat of important banking and commercial establishments and is the great centre of Levantine commerce. Over 25,000 vessels arrive and clear during the year. It has about a score of daily papers, and over thirty other periodicals in some half-dozen languages. Of the beauty of situation of the city of the Sultan, the Rev. D. G. Sutherland, LL.B., thus writes:—

At the eastern end of the town of Pera stands the great Genoese tower, from one of the upper stories of which is obtained a magnificent view of the city and its surroundings. The scene that meets the eye is as of fairy land, and we gazed upon it for a long time with unfailing delight. Perhaps no city in the world occupies a more advantageous position, and in nothing is the prescience of Constantine better seen than in the choice of this as the capital of his empire. Built on the confines of Europe and Asia, having absolute control of the vast trade carried on between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, one knows not whether most to admire its beauties of art and nature, or its commanding position for commercial prosperity and political dominion.

The structure of chief historic interest is the Mosque of Agia Sophia—or Holy Wisdom—thus described by Dr. Field in his recent charming book on Turkey:—

St. Sophia is a thousand years older than St. Peter's at Rome. Forty generations had worshipped here before Michael Angelo reared his mighty dome under the Italian sky ; yet time seems to have had no power on its ancient walls. Travellers are apt to approach the great mosque of Constantinople with a feeling of disappointment, for its majesty is not in its exterior. Though built for a cathedral, it is not at all like those of Europe. It has no cathedral tower rising skyward, like the spires of Strasburg or Cologne. Externally it has perhaps more of the general shape of St. Mark's in Venice than of any other of the temples of Christendom.

Built in the form of a Greek cross, it stands four-square, with an appearance of massiveness rather than of stateliness or architectural grandeur. Its real majesty opens on us only when we pass the gates and stand within. We descend the outer steps, and putting off our shoes, slip our feet into sandals, and enter with footsteps so noiseless that even on the hard pavement they do not disturb the stillness of the place. Here we take our stand under the centre of the dome, and look upward and around. The first impression is more of space than of splendour. When St. Sophia was built by Justinian, he lavished upon it the utmost wealth of decoration, in gold and precious stones, in columns of marble and granite and porphyry brought from the Pagan temples, from Baalbec and from Egypt—eight were from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus—to decorate this temple of Christ, producing an effect so dazzling that when it was opened on Christ-



FOUNTAIN OF ST. SOPHIA.

mas day in the year 548, the Emperor was beside himself with joy, and ran up the aisle exclaiming "Solomon, I have surpassed thee!" stretching out his arms to heaven and praising God, "who had esteemed him worthy to complete such a work." The Moslems have not only taken away every Christian symbol, as the cross and the altar, but have removed every kind of decoration and ornament; they have stripped the temple, covered the mosaics in the ceiling and dome, and half hidden the great pillars which support the dome with huge tablets bearing inscriptions in letters some of them ten yards long! Thus the interior has been reduced to the utmost bareness and plainness. But one thing the spoilers could not do: they could not diminish the majestic proportions of the place; they could not contract the walls, nor lessen the span of the dome; so that here, as at St. Peter's, the impression remains of immensity—of a vast space walled and covered in from the sights and sounds of the outer world, and consecrated to praise and prayer.

Next to St. Sophia, continues Dr. Field, there is nothing in Constantinople so interesting as the Seraglio, the residence of the Sultan and of the masters of Byzantium for a thousand years before the Turk crossed the Bosphorus. The spot is one of the most beautiful of the East—a point of land between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, rising by gentle slopes from the water's edge. The palace stood on the highest point, surrounded by the offices and residences of those connected with the royal household. Here in an enclosure nearly three miles in extent were all the departments of the Government. The entrance to the grounds was through a gate of such lofty proportions that it was called the Sublime Porte, and this in time became a name for the Government itself. As the Seraglio was the seat of power, it was the centre of all the intrigues of which Turkish history is full—intrigues often originating in the harem, whose splendid residence was among the gardens which stretched down to the sea. Here many an unfaithful, or even suspected, inmate, was tied in a sack with serpents and thrown into the Bosphorus. Here the Janisaries had sway for hundreds of years, making and unmaking Sultans, as the Pretorian Guard made Emperors. In one of the courts of the Seraglio was a building which, from its high, barred windows, bore the name of The Cage. It was really a place of imprisonment, in which the young princes were confined, as the English princes were confined in the Tower. Even babes were strangled in their cradles, because they had royal blood in their veins, which might make them possible heirs to a throne.

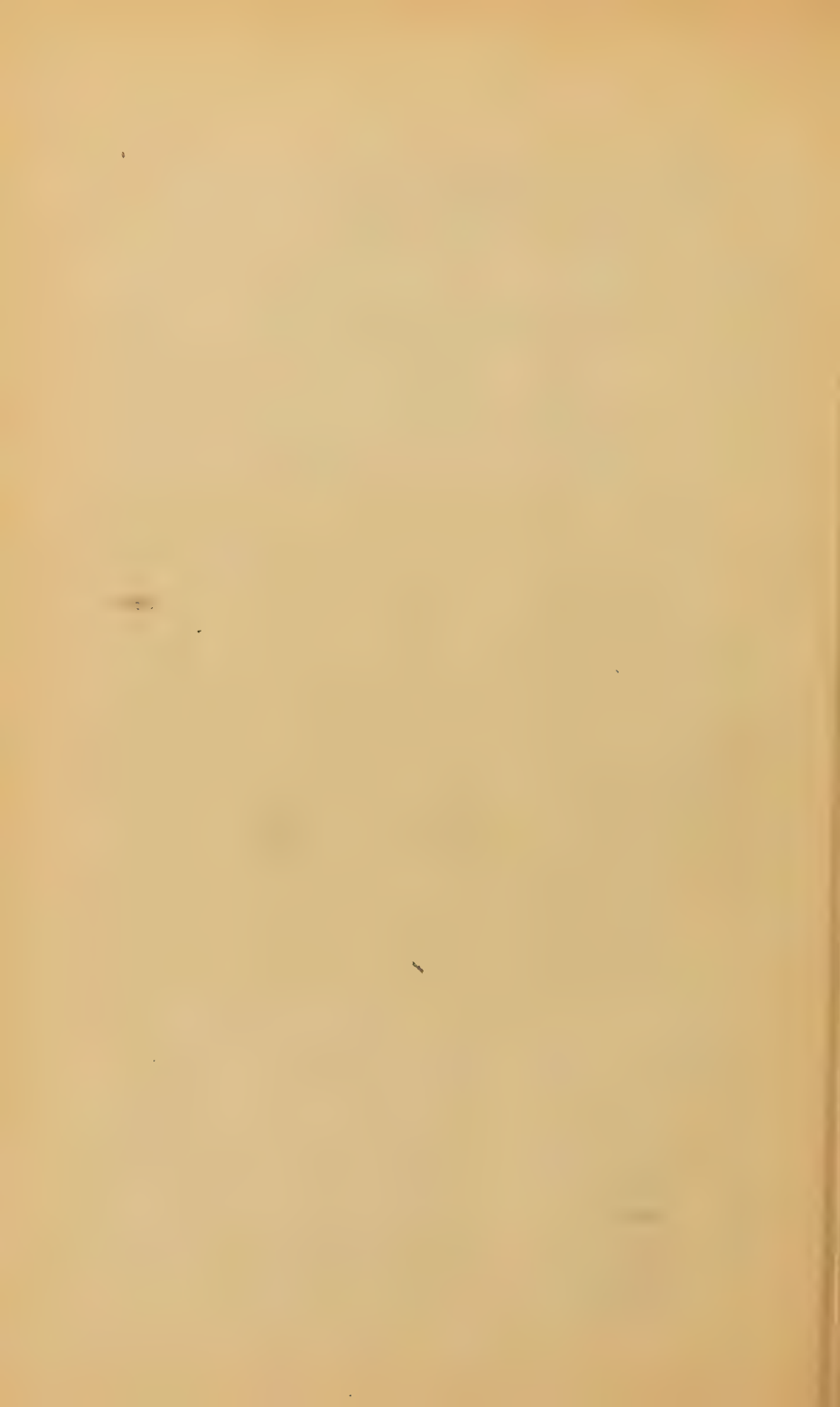
Of special interest to British tourists is the suburb of Scutari, darkened by groves of cypress trees which give it the sombre and funereal aspect of a city of the dead. There stands the hospital in which Florence Nightingale attended the English soldiers of the Crimea, wounded and pale and dying, who followed her with their sunken but eager eyes, and breathed a little more freely, with some dim sense of restfulness and peace, if but her shadow fell on them as she passed. There many of those brave men breathed their last, and in the English cemetery near by they “sleep the sleep that knows no waking.” “After life's fitful fever, they sleep well.” “No war nor battle's sound” disturbs them now. The tall cypresses stand like sentinels above their graves, as if keeping watch over this “bivouac of the dead.”

No one can visit that spot without deep emotion, as he reads on the monuments how this officer fell at Alma, and that at Inkerman; and as he walks through long rows of graves of the soldiers who fell in whole battalions in the terrible siege of Sebastopol. Americans, says Dr. Field, who honour courage wherever shown, here pay their silent but hearty tribute to England's dead, who fell far from their native land.

Robert College, shown in one of our engravings, has a history of unique interest. Many years ago, writes its president, Dr. Long, a pious sea-captain was spending some time in New Orleans taking in a cargo of sugar. While the ship was loading his business brought him frequently in contact with a young sugar-merchant's clerk, whose gentlemanly bearing and amiability of manner attracted his attention and awakened a deep interest in his welfare. The impression was deepened in the captain's mind that he should "speak to the young man" upon the important subject of personal religion, and at length, before parting with him, he ventured to address to him a few earnest, friendly words concerning spiritual things and the importance of consecrating his life to God. The young man pondered in his heart the words of the honest captain, and after some time he was happily converted and resolved to live for Christ. The Lord prospered him in business, and not many years passed before the young clerk took a place among the successful merchants of the country, and the name of Christopher R. Robert became well known as a synonym for upright dealing and strict financial integrity. He is more especially known and honoured in connection with the noble institution of learning upon the shore of the Bosphorus, known as Robert College. Among the many successful investments of a long business life, probably no one gave him better satisfaction or yielded a richer return than the founding of that College.

Among the dozen or more different nationalities represented in the College, gathered from the different provinces of the Turkish Empire, there were none, as a class, more ardent and persevering than those from Bulgaria. The iron hand of military rule which was upon the whole land, from the Danube to the Sea of Marmora, paralyzing its industries and draining its resources, and the suspicion with which all educated Bulgarians were regarded by the Turkish rulers, and the persecutions suffered by them, seemed only to fire the hearts of Bulgarian youth with a still more intense desire for an education. The Bulgarian graduates of Robert College, as editors of newspapers, teachers, lawyers, physicians, deputies in the Legislative Assembly, and Government officials of various grades, have shown mental ability, integrity of purpose, practical good sense, physical courage, and exalted patriotism. Bulgaria as a nation will





never forget the debt she owes to Mr. Robert and to Robert College.

Of the round towers, one of which is shown at the left of the engraving of the college, Dr. Field writes thus :—

These round towers have a history. They were built by Mohammed II. at this point, as the narrowest in the Bosphorus, to give him command of the strait ; and mounted with guns of whose enormous calibre we may form an opinion from the balls of granite, six hundred pounds in weight, which lie here and there at the foot of the walls. This position thus strongly fortified was designed to furnish a base from which to advance to



MOSQUE OF THE PIGEONS.

the siege of Constantinople. It is a strange mingling of the old and new that near by these ancient castle walls are stretched the telegraph lines—the termini of those entering here from different parts of Europe, which go straggling down the hill to plunge into the Bosphorus, and rise up on the shores of Asia, from which they go flying away over river and mountain and plain to Damascus and Bagdad, to Persia and India.

On the Asiatic side of the strait is the old Turkish suburb of Stamboul, thus described by the Rev. D. G. Sutherland :—

I visited the place again and again; for, in addition to the beauty of the scene, it is here one gets the best idea of the varied character of the popu-

lation, and of the extent of the city's traffic. Of course one soon becomes intimate with the striking peculiarities of Eastern costume. The dresses display all the tints of the rainbow. Red fez or white turban on the head; feet, bare or covered with coloured slippers; baggy trousers, tight at the ankle; a thin shawl or girdle around the waist; a white shirt, and over it a short jacket, or loose, flowing robe, occasionally trimmed with fur—these are the leading features of the men's dress. They are, however, rapidly adopting the Western garb. The dress of the women is very aggravating—a long loose robe, generally black or white, envelopes the whole form in such a way as to give one the idea of an inflated balloon. It is impossible to tell whether they are graceful or deformed; and perhaps it is owing to



TURKISH CEMETERY.

the dress that they all appear to have a waddling gait. Their faces are kept jealously covered. Some of the wealthier class, affecting Western ideas, wear only a very thin veil, but the majority still cling to the white *yashmak*, which, with the head-covering, leaves only the eyes visible. These orbs, however, are generally bright and sparkling enough. In the steamers and street cars a place is carefully partitioned off for the exclusive use of the women.

There were several mosques, continues that graceful writer, visited by us. Grandest of all was that of Soliman the Magnificent. Most pleasing was that of the pigeons, reminding one of the scene which takes

place every day in the great square at Venice. As we flung the grain upon a little platform, the pigeons flew down by hundreds, so that they stood in places two or three deep. When startled they rose, and it was as if a cloud had come between us and the sun. Mohammed's life having on one occasion been saved through pigeons, it is thought a graceful and pious act to care for them.

The Turkish cemeteries are one of the features of Constanti-

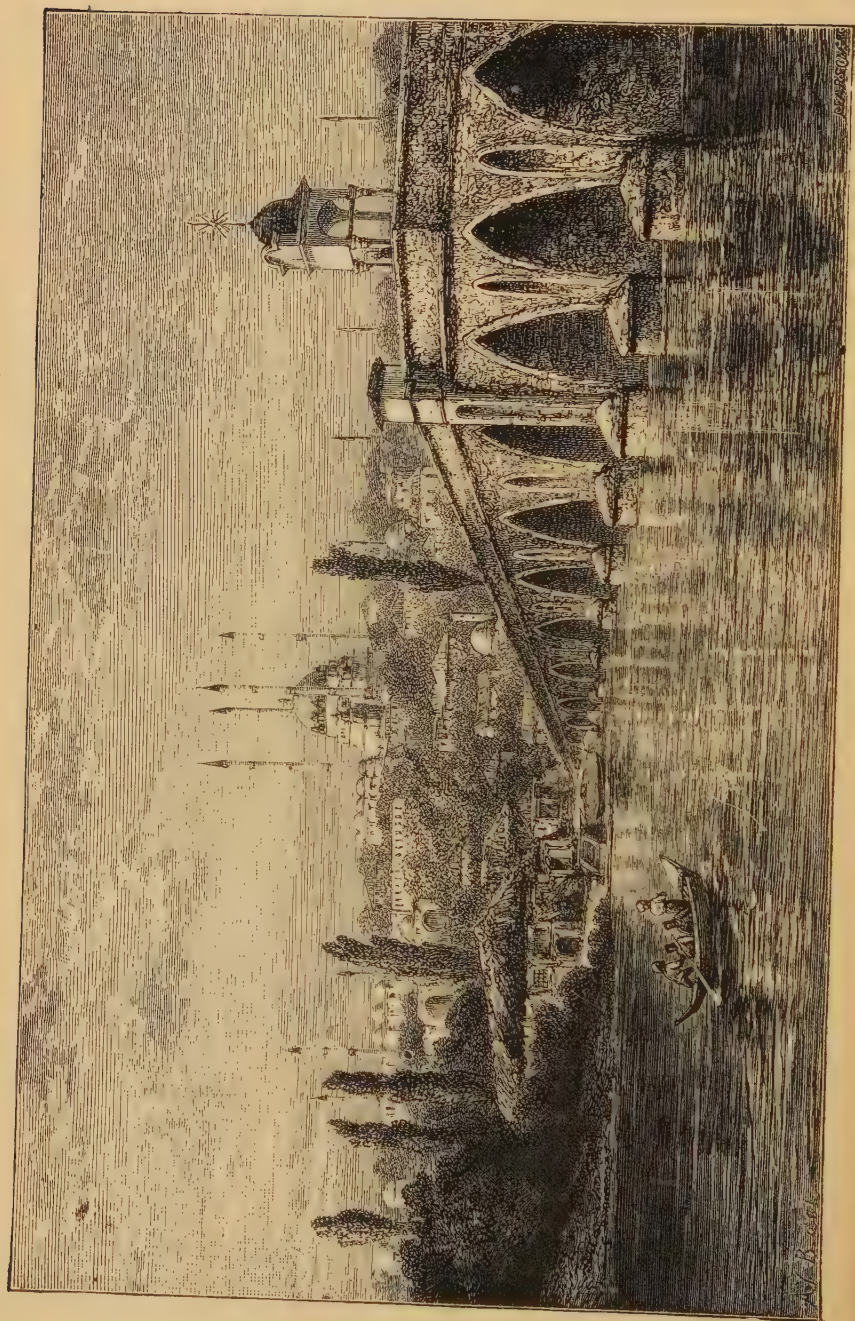
noble that catch the eye. The tombstones are numerous, and each has an inscription in Turkish or Arabic. Being poorly set up, they are found bending in every direction. The cemeteries are thickly planted with cypresses, that tree being considered a good disinfectant. These grounds are sometimes visited by pleasure parties; but more frequently one may see, as in other lands, mourners bending over the graves in sorrow.

Lady Brassey poetically compares the countless slender minarets of Constantinople to sentries keeping guard over



MOSQUE OF SULTAN ACHMED.

a sacred shrine. She was especially struck with the strange blending of barbarism, luxury, and civilization. The oriental profusion of barbaric pearl and gold of the bankrupt Sultan, Abdul Azez, was amazing. He lavished upon the Empress of the French over a £100,000 in presents; but when the beautiful Eugenie deigned to kiss the cheek of his slave-born mother (to whom his father took a fancy as she was carrying wood to a bath), the withered old crone was scandalized at the insult, retired to bed, was bled profusely, fasted, and took several Turkish baths to remove the pollution of contact with the infidel Giaour. The palace where the Empress lodged was shut up, and part of it demolished, to avert the "evil eye," consequent on her visit



ADRIANOPLE—BRIDGE OVER THE TUNJA.

and subsequent misfortunes. The mere caprice of the insane tyrant—for insane he certainly was—must be indulged at whatever cost. His little son, who was nominally Admiral of the Navy, was found crying one day because he could not see from his nursery his flag hoisted on his own particular iron-clad. So at a cost of £100,000 the staging of a new bridge across the Bosphorus was demolished, and the whole city put to inconvenience for months, that the huge sea-kraken might be shown as a toy to a whimpering child. The Sultan was treated with the most abject servility by his viziers, who dared not stand erect in his presence, but bent almost double; and all others addressed him but in monosyllables, and with their foreheads almost touching the floor. The bearer of bad news ran the risk of beheading. So the despot knew little of what was going on in his empire, and had not even heard of the famine in Asia Minor. His favourite amusement was slicing the heads off turkeys, kept in a yard for that purpose—as a substitute, we suppose, for Turks.

One mania was a dread of fire. He had acres of houses pulled down, and an enormous palace built, in which not a particle of wood was employed—even the flat candlesticks had to be surrounded by a saucer of water. He had two of the sultanas bowstrung for transgressing this rule, and he beat and trampled on an officer's wife for the same offence. One night he escaped from the palace in his night-gown, and was with difficulty brought back. He lived in continual fear of poison, but still ate, says Lady Brassey, eleven times a day, an enormous meal, selected from ninety-four dishes, always prepared for his choice. He made a common soldier a colonel, because he gave him some goslings which he fancied; and gave a foremast sailor command of an ironclad because he had a pretty cat which had the good fortune to amuse his high mightiness. He had 800 horses and 700 women assigned him, and the former were often the better cared for. In one of the grandest tombs of the royal cemetery, a favourite—not wife, but horse—was buried. For a supposed plot against his tyranny, 600 women of the Imperial harem were bowstrung, and sunk in sacks in the Bosphorus by this monster—more brutal than even Caligula or Nero. When this insane despot opened his own veins in his gorgeous summer palace, the world was well relieved of an intolerable incubus.

Lady Brassey had exceptional opportunities for visiting the Imperial palaces and private villas, and making the acquaintance of Turkish ladies of high rank. Their home-life was but a gilded bondage. The splendour of the fetters made them not less irksome. "The priests try to make us believe," said one, "that there is one God, neither man nor woman, but a Spirit, and that Mahomet is His prophet. But how can we believe that, when everything is for man and nothing for woman? A good God must not be so unjust. He must be all man, and a Turk—a bad Turk, too." But the fetters are becoming loosened. The yashmak veil is becoming thinner every year, the rights of women are being stoutly asserted in the city where she has been so long a slave.

A short ride from Constantinople is the ancient city of Adrianople, founded by the Roman Emperor in 105. It is grandly situated, has about 150,000 inhabitants, and has many interesting historic associations. The famous mosque of Selim II., with the largest dome in the world, shown in our cut, page 22, was built largely from the ruins of Famagousta, as that of St. Sophia was partly from the temples of Ephesus and Baalbec. It has again and again borne the brunt of battle in the interminable wars which have swept over the Turkish frontier.

SAVIOUR, THOU KNOWEST.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

SAVIOUR, Thou knowest the hearts that are weary,
 Songless and sad as these desolate stones;
 Hearts that would welcome Thee, yet are too weary,
 Voices that give Thee but sorrowful tones.
 Thou art the bringer of hope to the cheerless,
 Thou art the giver of peace after strife,
 Teach them to cling to Thee, trusting and fearless,
 Lord of their life.

Come, as the healer of hearts that are broken,
 Come, when our sunshine is wintry and pale;
 Hearer of pleadings that never were spoken
 Thou art the same and Thy love cannot fail,
 Enter the chamber that light has forsaken,
 Bring back the gladness of earliest days;
 Come, and the joy of Thy presence shall waken
 Songs to Thy praise.

SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND AND WALES.



DISTANT VIEW OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

OUR present tour in search of the picturesque will be chiefly in the Southern and South-western Counties of England, with brief incursions into the principality of Wales.

Within a half hour's ride of London is one of the most exquisite combinations of soft pastoral scenery, stately architecture, and noble historic associations on the face of the earth. Soon after leaving the crowded city the mighty keep and lofty towers of Windsor Castle, one of the largest and most magnificent royal residences in the world, come in view as we skirt its noble park. The most striking feature is the great round

tower, dominating from its height on Castle-hill, like a monarch from his throne, the grand group of lower buildings. Dating back to the days of William the Conqueror, what a story those venerable walls could tell of the tilts and tourneys, banquets and festivals, marriages and burials of successive generations of English sovereigns! And over it waves in heavy folds on the languid air that red cross banner which is the grandest symbol of order and liberty in the wide world. Here to this winding shore—whence, says the antiquarians, the name



CHURCHYARD
OF
STOKE-POGIS.

Windleshore, shortened to Windsor—came, eight hundred years ago, the Norman Conqueror, and during all the intervening centuries here the sovereigns of England have kept their lordliest state—the mighty castle growing age by age, a symbol of that power which broadens down from century to century, firm as this round tower on its base, when thrones were rocking and falling on every side.

But we will not now stop to visit this royal residence, which has been already described in these pages. Near Windsor is

the sequestered churchyard of Stoke-Pogis, rendered memorable forever by Gray's pensive elegy. This beautiful "God's acre" now contains the poet's grave, as also that of his brother-poet Waller, and of the eloquent Burke. More enduring than monument of marble or of bronze are the lines of one of the most exquisite poems ever written:—

Beneath those rugged elms that yew trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.



HEVER CASTLE.

The beautiful hop fields of Kent surpass in luxuriant beauty the fairest vineyards of Italy or the Rhine. The ancient county is full of historic associations. Some of the most pathetic of these cluster around the early home of the murdered wife of Henry VIII. and mother of Queen Elizabeth.

In an old manor-house at Hever, near the river Eden, in Kent—which, under a license of Edward III., had been fortified as a castle—dwelt Sir Thomas Boleyn, descended from an

ancient Norfolk family. Here was born to him a daughter 'Anne. In that sequestered place was her childhood passed—happy had she never gone beyond the moated walls of her father's house to see more of the living world than she knew when she knelt in the village church, amid the tenants of her father's manor. When only seven years of age, the little Kentish girl was appointed maid of honour to King Henry's

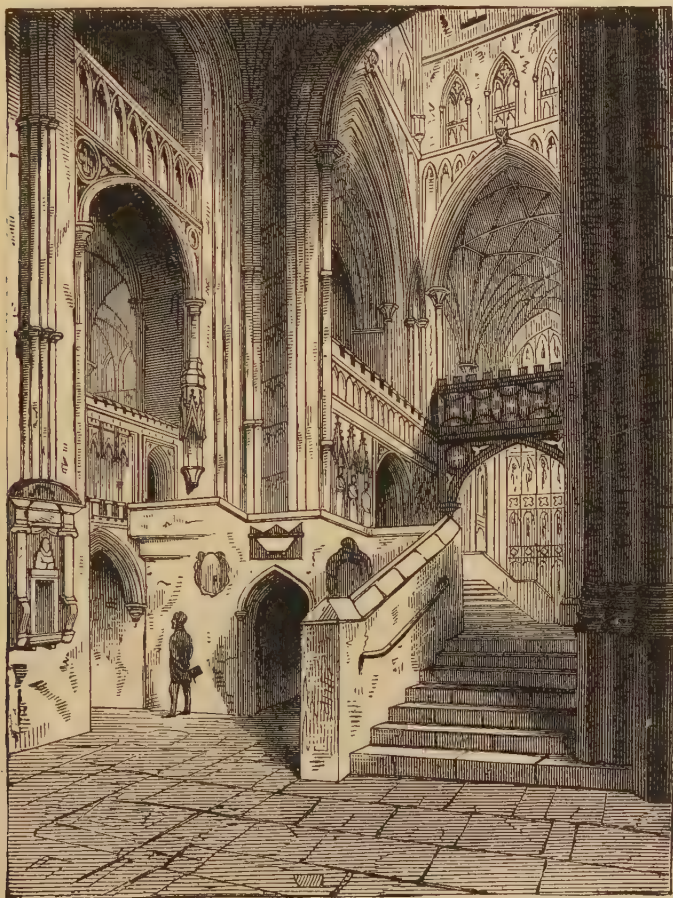


ST. AUGUSTINE'S MONASTERY, CANTERBURY.

sister, the Queen of France. After eight years abroad, she became maid of honour to Queen Catharine, wife of Henry VIII., and was thus brought under the notice of that detestable and profligate monarch. She was betrothed to young Lord Percy, but the King banished him from court, and compelled his marriage to another. The broken-hearted girl retired to the moated manor of Hever, and when the royal voluptuary came a-wooing, she kept her chamber under pretext of illness

and refused to see him. But the King summoned her father to court, and she was obliged to accompany him.

The unhappy story of the wicked divorce of good Queen Catharine and marriage of Anne Boleyn are part of English



SCENE OF BECKET'S MURDER, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

history, and need not be here repeated. The beauty of the young Queen at her coronation captivated all hearts. From her Irish descent she inherited "the blue-black Irish hair and Irish eyes," and her sprightly fancy and wit. The royal Bluebeard soon tired of his new toy, and, says Milman, the machinations of the Jesuits wrought the fall of the Queen, because she favoured the

Reformed doctrines. Henry, according to his custom, was smiling on his victim while the axe was sharpening. Upon a foul and groundless charge she was thrust into the gloomy Tower, whence she came forth only to the scaffold. To the King she wrote a letter, which may still be seen in the Cotton Library, that might have softened any heart but one of adamant :—

“ Never prince had wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection than you have had in Anne Boleyn. Try me, good King ; but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies appear as my accusers and judges ; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame. If ever I have found favour in your sight ; if ever the name of Anne Boleyn has been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request ; and so I will leave to trouble your Grace any further, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your Grace in His good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

“ Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

“ ANNE BOLEYN.”

But a siren's voice was singing in his ear, and the unkingly King was deaf to the cry of a wife foredoomed to death.

The body of the young and lovely and unstained Queen of England was thrust into a chest made to hold arrows, and hurriedly buried in the Tower, and while the beautiful clay was scarcely cold



INTERIOR, CANTERBURY
CATHEDRAL.

in its bloody shroud, King Henry wedded her rival, Jane Seymour — an infamy which is the best vindication of the innocence of his victim.

The quaint cathedral city of Canterbury is one of the oldest and most interesting in the realm. Its history can be traced back over eight hundred years. Here are the picturesque ruins of St. Augustine's monastery, and here is the stately cathedral, the mother church of Great Britain. It is 522 feet long, and the choir alone is 180 feet in length—larger than most modern churches.

The celebrated Thomas a'Becket was the first native Englishman who was appointed archbishop and primate of all England, in 1162—over seven hundred years ago. He had previously been Lord Chancellor of England, but he incurred the displeasure of King Henry VII. on being made primate, by his devotion to the Church and championship of the rights of the people against the crown and nobility. For this he was bitterly persecuted and for a time driven into banishment. The people of England gave him an enthusiastic welcome on his return, which so



SOUTH DOWNS.

provoked the jealousy of the King that he taunted certain of his nobles for not revenging him on the over-bearing prelate. Four barons therefore on December 29th, 1170, attacked the archbishop while he was celebrating evening service in the cathedral. He declined to protect himself by "turning the church into a castle," and while kneeling at the altar was cruelly slain. For nearly four hundred years his tomb was a shrine to which pilgrimages were made from many lands. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, gives an account of these in his "Canterbury Pilgrims," and Tennyson has made the fate of Becket the subject of a magnificent dramatic poem. The stern old feudal

castle now serves as the town gasworks—more useful but less heroic than its original purpose.

A considerable portion of Kent and Sussex is covered with the rolling chalk downs upon whose tender pasturage the famous Southdown mutton is raised. At Dover these downs swell into the lofty Shakespeare's cliff—

“—whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep.”

The snowy chalk-cliffs present a far-stretching bulwark against the sea, and won the white-walled island its ancient name of Albion.



HASTINGS.

Along this south-west frontier are situated the historic Cinque Ports, “Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover,” as if guarding the tight little island against foreign invasion. Longfellow thus finely describes them and the death of their great warden the Iron Duke:—

“Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance
The sea coast opposite.

“And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each, with morning salutations,
That all was well.

“And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,

As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

“Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning gun from the black fort’s en brasure,
Awaken with its call.

“For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

“He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar ;
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble
And groan from shore to shore.”

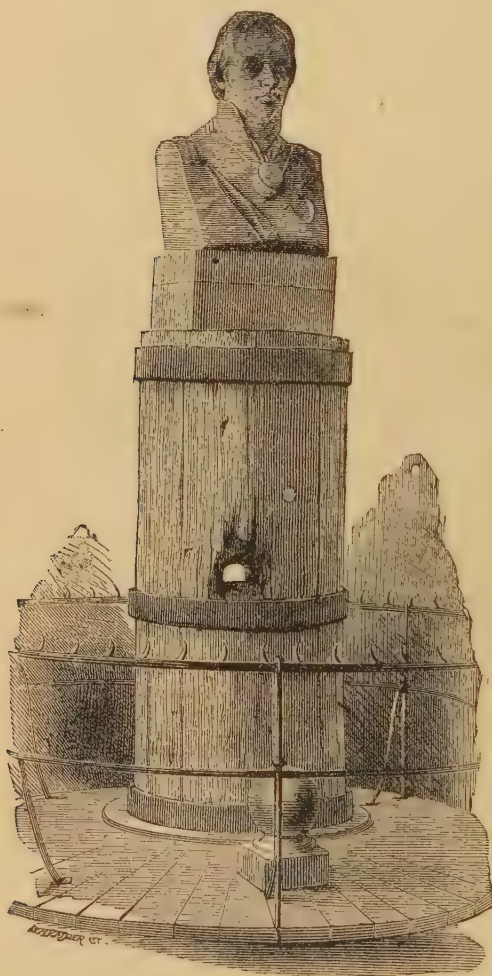


TRAINING-SHIP “CANADA,” PLYMOUTH.

Hastings, the last of the Cinque Ports, was never an important harbour, and is chiefly famous for the great battle by which William the Conqueror became Lord of England. The twinkling lights of the seaside town seem to wave welcome and farewell to the tourists from a foreign land.

England’s greatest naval depôt is Plymouth, on the south-east coast. It was here that the English fleet awaited the Spanish Armada in 1588, that Essex gathered his expedition to conquer Cadiz, in 1596 ; and from here sailed the *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrim Fathers, in 1620. Here has grown up a town of 200,000 inhabitants. The great dock and victualling yards are the most extensive in the world. The Government bakery,

cooperage and storehouses enable the Admiralty to fit out naval expeditions to Suakim or Mandalay on a few hours' notice. A peculiarity of the bakery is that in an incredibly short time after the grain is ground a continuous stream of "hard tack" is delivered, ready for packing, from the great automatic ovens fast enough to feed an army.



BUST OF NELSON AND MAST OF THE
FLAG-SHIP "VICTORY"

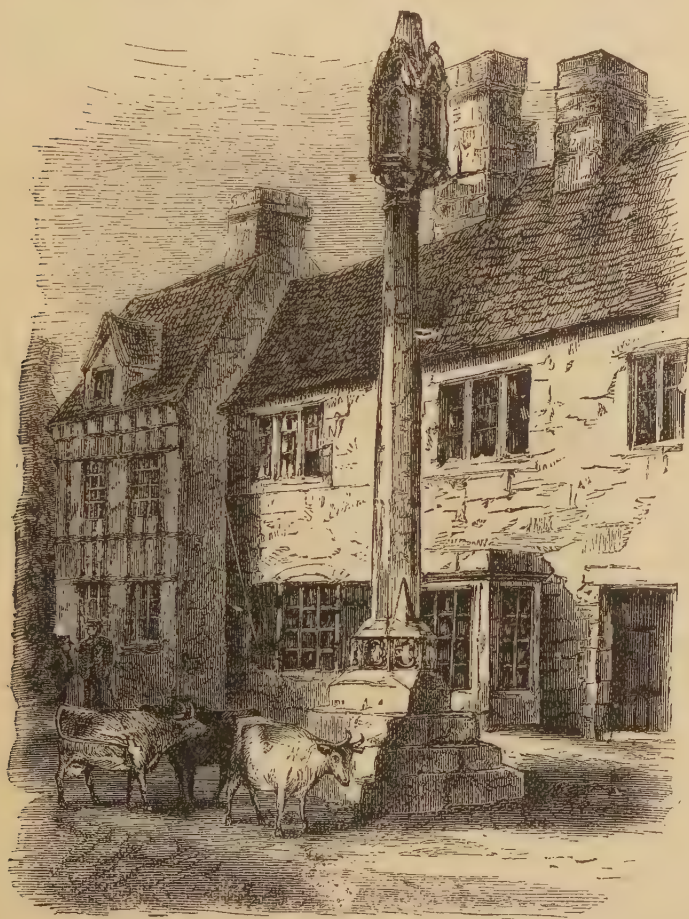
One of the old war hulks, named the *Canada*, shown in our cut, is fitted up as a training-ship, and here John Bull's young sea-dogs receive their initiation into their life-work.

In one of the dock yard buildings is shown a section of the mast of the *Victory*, Nelson's flagship, on which he received his death-wound at the battle of Trafalgar. At its base is seen a shot by which it was perforated, and above it is the bust of the heroic Admiral.

The grandeur of the neighbouring Cornish coast, the beauty of the vales of Devon, the historic memories of Drake and Raleigh and Gilbert, and the ancient-sea-kings of Plymouth, and, later, of William of Orange,

give this part of England an interest unsurpassed by that of any other region of the grand old land.

A peculiarity of many old English towns is the market or memorial cross, such as shown in our engraving on this page. These are often exceedingly interesting and picturesque objects. Memorial crosses were naturally more frequent than any other



MARKET CROSS.

kind. When Eleanor, wife of King Edward I., died, she was carried back to London, and wherever the casket rested on that long funeral journey the King had a cross built. There were at least twelve such crosses, though only three of them now remain. Market crosses were first used in market towns, for the priests went there on the great market days to preach.

They were called by special names, like Butter or Poultry Cross. Boundary crosses marked the line between different places, and Preaching crosses were used as pulpits. One of these latter stood in front of the old St. Paul's Cathedral, and here some of the Reformers preached the doctrines of the Reformation.

Turning north we enter the rugged principality of Wales, the



CARNARVON CASTLE, WALES.

last retreat and stronghold of the ancient Cymric inhabitants of Britain. Feudal castles and donjon keeps are perched on every coign of vantage. One of the most interesting of these is the famous Carnarvon Castle, the scene of many gallant adventures of derring-do. Behind it towers the peak of Snowdon, the highest mountain in Great Britain, 3,500 feet. Here was a Roman fortified camp, and here, one legend affirms, the Emperor Constantine was born. In 1784, Edward III. began to build the present castle. It has twelve towers which give

it a massive yet graceful aspect. It was last used for defence during the civil wars, having been a stronghold for nearly four centuries. Here the first English Prince of Wales, afterwards the unfortunate Edward II., was born in a little dark room, only twelve by eight feet, in the Eagle Tower.

On the extreme west coast of Wales, on the shores of Milford Haven, stands the stern old feudal keep, Carew Castle. It is



CAREW CASTLE, WALES.

an august, though ruined, relic of the baronial splendours of the Middle Ages. It is the very picture of desolation. Owls and bats inhabit its deserted halls, and its lifeless windows look like the eyeless sockets of a skull. It well fulfils the description given it by Dyer :—

“ His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose rugged side the ivy creeps,

And with his arms from falling keeps.
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
 'Tis now the apartment of the toad ;
 And there the fox securely feeds,
 And there the poisonous adder breeds.
 Concealed in ruins, moss and weeds ;
 While ever and anon there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary mouldered wall."



OF PLYMOUTH BY NIGHT.

"JUST TO FORGIVE."

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

NOT a hard Master did I deem my Lord,
 But just, since He had pledged His royal word,
 And written in the changeless rolls on high,
 "The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die."

So when, in dreams, I heard the solemn call
 Summon my spirit to the judgment-hall,
 Trembling, I cried : "In this my utmost need
 Still with His justice let His mercy plead."

Lo, to the door, with greeting hands, there came
 One with a welcome, in my Lord's dear name :
 Grasping her garment's hem, I poured my plea :
 "Oh ! tender mercy ! Let me come with thee !"

"Justice must smite ;" but, with a radiant look,
 She showed the pages of the judgment-book ;
 "I am His justice ; hast thou never heard
Just to forgive is written in His word ?"





THE SHIP RAILWAY—A STEAMER IN TRANSIT.

THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP RAILWAY.*

"THE problem of inter-oceanic transit across the American continent has been said to 'possess not only practical value but historic grandeur.' History invests the problem with an interest surpassing that of its usual records. In this effort to secure a western route to Asia and the Spice Islands it is linked back to the age of the great discoverer; and since the object held by Columbus for his sovereigns was the same with that of the ages preceding, the problem thus reaches back to the story of the coveted wealth of Asia and of the old highways to it.

"India and China! what tales of marvellous endeavour to secure their riches remain on the pages of authentic history! They were the storehouses of product and luxury, drawn upon more and more as the facilities of commerce and land travel enlarged themselves, yet ever, as to-day, without sensible decrease. The labours of the Old World were to reach them by an eastern route; the labour of the New World is to reach them by the west."

For nearly three hundred and fifty years, governments, companies and individuals have made surveys and plans, and brought forward projects of canals and railroads to connect the Atlantic and Pacific.

Many plans and projects have been brought forward for transporting vessels through or over the American Isthmus at various points, but until recently these plans have all contemplated artificial water channels. It was left for Mr. James B. Eads, after accomplishing the important work of opening the mouth of the Mississippi River to commerce, to propose and develop the plan of a ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

The advantages of this route are clearly expressed by President Cleveland in his Message to the Congress of the United States, Dec. 8th, 1885, as follows:—

The Tehuantepec route is declared, by engineers of the highest repute and by competent scientists, to afford an entirely practicable transit for

* The quotations in the first part of this article are from the pen of Prof. J. E. Nourse, U. S. N. The remainder is abridged from the report of Elmer L. Corthell, Chief Engineer, and from an article in the *Scientific American*.

vessels and cargoes, by means of a ship-railway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The obvious advantages of such a route, if feasible, over others more remote from the axial lines of traffic between Europe and the Pacific, and, particularly, between the valley of the Mississippi and the western coast of North and South America, are deserving of consideration.

Whatever highway may be constructed across the barrier dividing the two greatest maritime areas of the world must be for the world's benefit, a trust for mankind, to be removed from the chance of domination by any single Power, nor become a point of invitation for hostilities or a prize for warlike ambition, and this can only be accomplished by making the uses of the route open to all nations and subject to the ambitions and warlike necessities of none.

The *London Times*, of August 21, 1884, treated this subject as follows :—

Looking at the ship railway project from a broad and general point of view, there can be little doubt that it is one which is fraught with great results. This will be better realized when it is remembered that the American isthmus separates about 100,000,000 of the most enterprising, industrious and enlightened people on the face of the earth, inhabiting the North Atlantic coasts of Europe and America, from 600,000,000 who inhabit the Orient and the islands of the Pacific. It is true that the sailing distances which separate England from India, China and other Oriental countries, have been greatly reduced by the Suez Canal ; but these distances are almost insignificant when compared with those which the ship-railway would annihilate. For instance, the greatest saving effected by the Suez Canal, between London and Calcutta, is about 4,500 statute miles, whereas the sailing distance by the ship railway, from London to every port on the Pacific coast of North America, will be lessened by nearly twice this great distance, or about 8,250 miles. A work designed to confer such great benefits on the commerce of the world should commend itself with especial force to Great Britain, which is carrying more than seventy per cent. of that commerce.

The following is a description of Captain Eads' scheme :—

In the ship railway project a ship is lifted out of the water by means of a submerged pontoon, similar to those in use all over the world ; but no such force as that used in hauling a ship up out of the water on a marine railway is required on the ship railway, although, as well known, ships are constantly taken on the marine railway without injury. In the Eads system, however, there is no necessity for using any force whatever on the ship itself.

It is lifted out of the water in a cradle which rests upon a series of rails ; and these being brought even with the tracks on the dry land, the cradle in its capacity of a car is wheeled along an almost level railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and when it reaches the other side a similar

means is employed to float it again. This is the whole project—a combination of the lifting dock in general use and an improvement upon the marine railway, because the ship is never, as in the latter, required to be off an even keel.

Looking upon the chart, we find that the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is in Mexico, and in the extreme northern end of the long, slim neck of land which separates North and South America, and that the Isthmus of Panama is on the extreme south end of Central America, and at the farther end of this strip of land. From New York to San Francisco *via* the Panama Canal, a steamship would be compelled to pass the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, sail south about 1,200 miles, and after crossing sail north again the same distance before reaching the short route to San Francisco. In other words, she would have to traverse about 1,200 miles more than if she had crossed the Isthmus at Tehuantepec. A sailing vessel having crossed the Isthmus *via* Panama is left in a very ocean of waters, over which reigns a perennial calm, broken only by occasional squalls and baffling zephyrs. She must be towed hundreds of miles until the region of the trade winds is reached.

Mr. Eads knew that ships had been going on and off lifting docks without injury from time immemorial, and that vessels that could safely withstand the terrible buffeting of ocean waves could be moved over a smooth roadbed without fear of injury. In order to be sure as to the roadbed, he took with him, to the Isthmus, Mr. E. L. Corbell, an experienced and able engineer. Being a practical man, Eads naturally sought to discover a route that would furnish a substantial roadbed, possess something in the shape of harbours at either end, and above all a location outside of that, to the mariner, vexatious belt of perpetual calm.

Having selected the site for his ship railway, he now sought a concession from the Mexican Government. This was obtained in 1881, and extends over a period of ninety-nine years from its date. It authorizes the construction across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec of a ship railway, an ordinary railway, and a line of telegraph. Besides this, it exempts all ships and merchandise *in transitu* from government duty, grants the concessionaire a million acres of public land, and guarantees protection during the construction and subsequent operation of the works. The length of the whole line will be about 134 miles from Atlantic to Pacific. Beginning on the Atlantic side, the route will start from the Gulf of Mexico, the ships sailing up the Coatzacoalcos River to Minatitlan, a distance of about twenty-five miles. From Minatitlan there extends for about thirty-five miles an alluvial plain. Next comes an undulating table land, and then irregular mountain spurs of the main Cordilleras, that run through the entire continent, making at this point one of the most marked depressions to be found in its whole length. From this basin the line passes through a valley formed by a small stream to the plains of Tarifa, where is situated the summit of the line. This is 736 feet above low tide. After traversing these plains, the Pass of Tarifa is reached. This is the most accessible of the many passes in this depression in the mountain chain. From here the line gradually sinks to the Pacific, reaching the plains on this side 118 miles distance from Minatitlan.

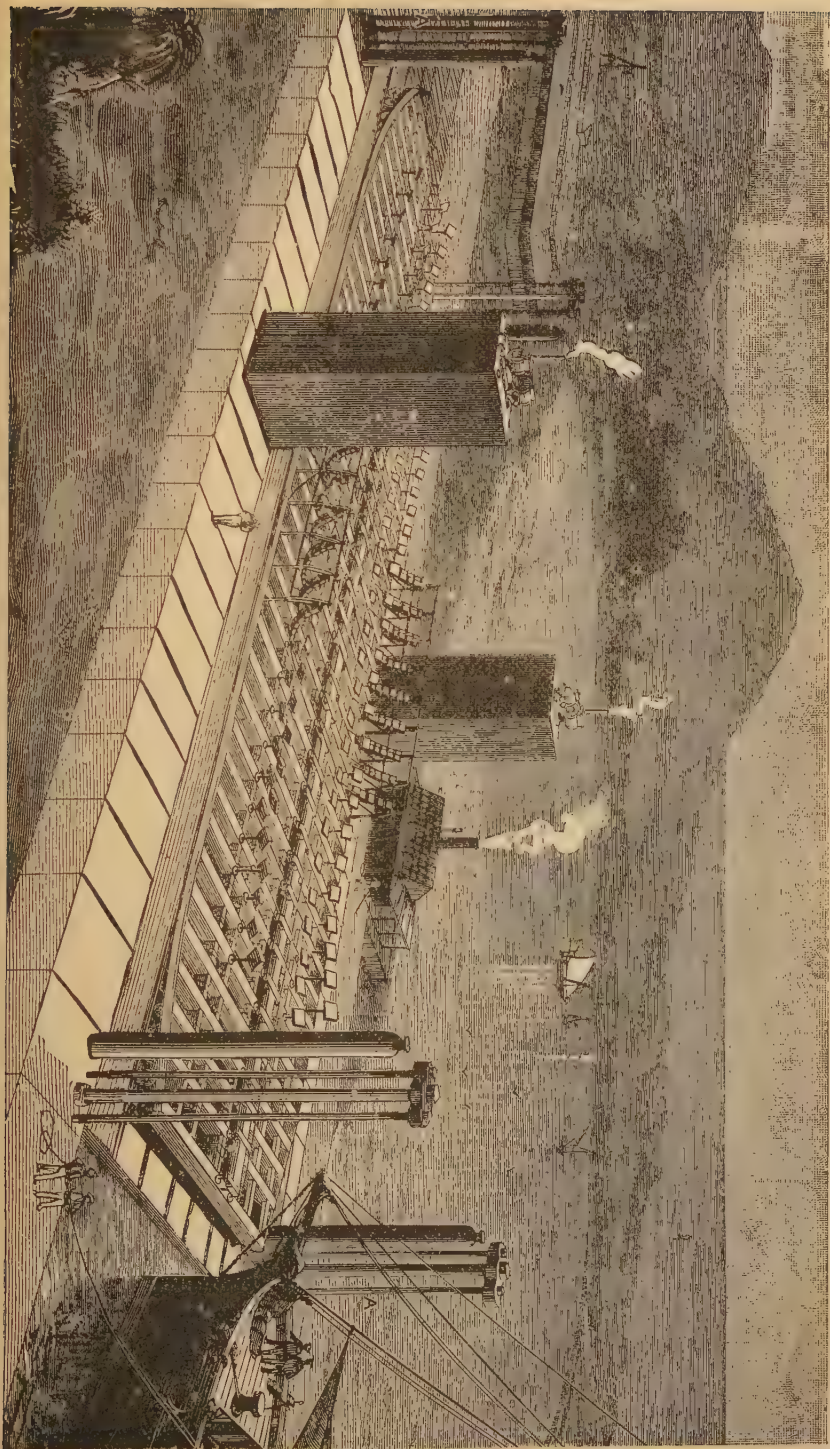
The pontoon, or floating dock, is of the same general construction as those in use all over the world, save in some important modifications rendered necessary to fit it for its special work. For it is not enough that the vessel should be docked and lifted out of the water, but that it shall be caused to rest upon a cradle in such a manner that its weight shall be equalized fore and aft, and thus enable the carriage with its load to move easily and safely. This is effected by means of a system of hydraulic rams arranged along an intermediate deck about six feet below the upper deck of the pontoon. They may be connected and made to work in unison, so that the same pressure per square inch of surface of the rams will exist throughout the whole system, or they may be disconnected by valves, so that a greater pressure may be brought upon the rams in a certain section or on a certain line.

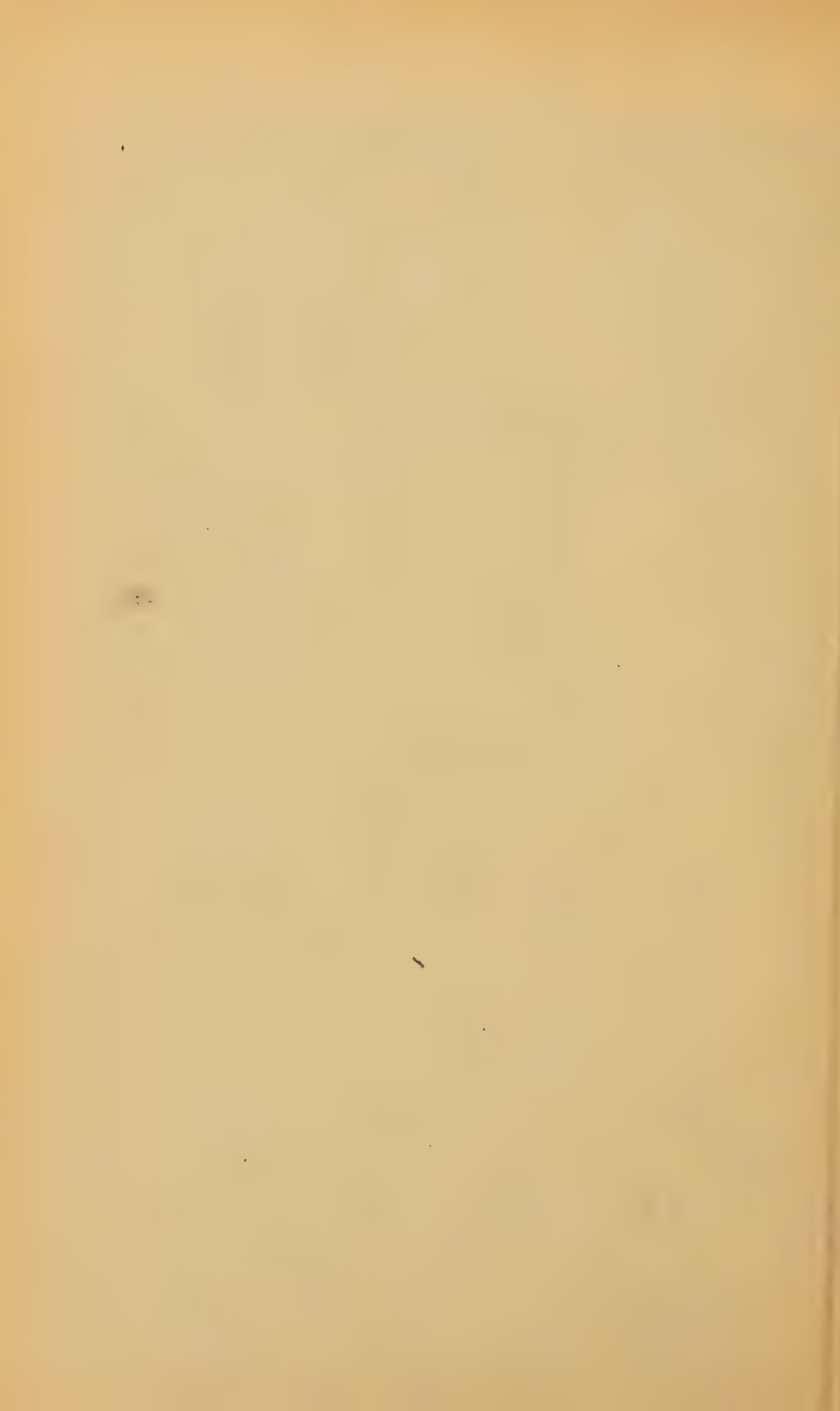
It is no part of the duty of these rams to lift the vessel. They are designed only to resist its weight as it gradually emerges from the basin. They get their power from a powerful hydraulic pump placed on a tower affixed to the side of the pontoon, and rising and sinking with it, but of such a height that, even when the pontoon rests upon the bottom of the dock, it is not entirely submerged. The pontoon itself is directed by powerful guides, which cause it to descend and emerge from the water always in the same position.

A ship having entered the mouth of the Coatzacoalcas River, on the Atlantic side, and come up to the basin, the carriage with its cradle is run on to the floating dock, then water is let into the compartments of the pontoon, and dock and cradle gradually sink to the bottom. Then the ship is so adjusted that her keel will be immediately over the continuous keel block of the cradle, and her centre of gravity over the centre of the carriage. The water is then pumped out of the submerged pontoon in the manner employed in floating dock systems, and it rises gradually, bringing the cradle up under the ship's hull. As soon as the keel block of the cradle is close to the ship's keel, the hydraulic pump is called into action, and pushes up the pendent rods and posts of the supports gently against the vessel, closely following the lines of her hull and the run of the bilge. The pressure upon the rams increases as the vessel emerges from the water, but the water pressure under them being prevented from escaping by the closing of the valves, the ship's weight, when she stands clear of the water, is borne by the rams by means of the supports.

The vessel being clear of the water, hand wheels or adjusting nuts that move in threads cut in the columns of the supports are run down to the bearings in the girder plates, whereupon the valve is opened and the rams withdrawn, leaving the girders to support the weight of the ship. Now each girder has the same number of wheels, and as described above bears its just proportion of weight and no more, hence each of the multitude of wheels under the carriage is called upon to bear the same weight. This weight has been calculated to be only from eight to nine tons, though the wheels will be tested to twenty.

The pontoon cannot elevate the rails on its deck above the level of the rails ashore, because of the heads of the anchor bolts or guiding rods, and





these will also prevent any tipping of the pontoons when the ship and cradle are moving off. The carriage with its cradle which comes up upon the submerged dock, is calculated to hold a ship even more firmly than the launching cradle used at the ship yards, with its shores and stays. This carriage moves upon six rails, three standard gauge tracks each of 4 feet 8½ inches. Ships themselves are girders, and must of a necessity be so, from stem to stern, because in the tempestuous seas in which they are designed to roam, the one part is constantly being called upon to support the other; now her bow projects over a great billow with nothing under to support it, and again she is poised upon a huge wave, leaving the midship section to support in great measure both the bow and the stern, and were she not constructed as a girder fore and aft, her back would be broken in the first big seas she encountered.

The wheels which support the railway trucks are double flanged and are placed close together, each being hung independently on its own journals, and having its own axle, elasticity being had by placing a powerful spring over each wheel. Thus, as will be seen, the ship when crossing the Isthmus rests upon what might be called a cushion, and indeed she will have experienced far rougher treatment, both in the Atlantic and Pacific, under only ordinary conditions of weather, than that had while *in transitu* by rail across the Isthmus.

As said before, the road is designed to be almost exactly straight. There are only five places in the whole line where it is necessary to deviate from a straight line, and at each of these places a floating turntable will be built. These turntables may be made to serve another purpose. By their means a ship can be run off on a siding, so to speak, where she can be scraped, painted, coppered, calked, or otherwise repaired without removal from her cradle, and thus be saved the heavy expense of going on a dry dock. Thus also ships may pass one another.

The locomotives for hauling the ship carriage over the Isthmian railway will not differ from those in ordinary use. The big freight engines of the day have no difficulty, as we know, in drawing freight trains of a total of two thousand tons; and as the ship-carriage moves along three tracks it would be easy, if such a course were necessary, to place three locomotives in front of it and three behind. The time estimated for crossing from ocean to ocean is only sixteen hours.

LET pass the evil—seize upon the good,
For know, through every hour of this short life,
Thou dig some treasure from the mines of truth,
'Twill be but the sinking of a shaft
Upon the strata of the continent,
To sample that of which the world is made;
And thou wilt stand before thy God abashed,
Coming beggared from a world so rich.

SAINTY S— AND THE SCHOOL UPON THE HILL.

A STORY OF IRISH METHODISM.

BY EDWARD M. MORPHY.

I.

THE picturesque little town of Monaghan, in the north of Ireland, is situated in a valley surrounded by hills which enclose two small lakes, and adjacent is the serpentine Black-water river, whose banks are decked with shrubbery and covered with the primrose, cowslip and wild rose in the spring and summer months. In this pretty little inland town the writer spent the "sunny hours of childhood" and youthful days till he arrived at the age of fifteen years. St. Paul was proud of his Tarsus, and said it was "no mean city." The writer can use the same words in at least one respect. If Tarsus gave to the world the scholarly and noble Paul, my little Tarsus, gave to Australia a Governor-General, and to Canada a Lieutenant-Governor, a Chief Justice, a Bishop, several M.P.'s, professional men, merchants, and farmers who were a credit to the country.

Amongst the inhabitants who did not emigrate was a Mr. Richard Jackson, a leather merchant, who by industry, frugality and honourable business principles, amassed a small fortune. Mr. Jackson was a prominent member of the small body of Methodists in the town, and gave liberally to every charitable institution, as well as to the support of the Church of his choice, and, like the good centurion, "he built them a synagogue," and presented it to the Conference. Nor did he stop here, but proceeded to erect for himself "a monument more lasting than brass" in the purchase of a plot of ground on which he built three substantial buildings, forming three sides of a square. The centre building was planned as a day-school for sixty boys, the right wing for forty girls, and the left a home for six poor widows of the Methodist Church, "well reported." Canada may proudly boast of her excellent free school system, but Mr. Jackson was half a century ahead in this respect. The schools were not confined to Methodists, as persons of other

denominations took advantage of the donor's liberality and sent their children where they were sure to receive a moral and religious training.

In the selection of teachers Mr. Jackson required that they should be members of the Church, "apt to teach" and class-leaders. The first female teacher came from Dublin, highly recommended. Mrs. Booker was a young widow, about thirty, of good address and prepossessing appearance. Like that of the Methodists of the day her dress was neat and plain, especially the bonnet, which was of the Quaker style. The male teacher was a Mr. James S——, about forty-five years of age. In personal appearance below the medium height, of slight make, handsome, sharp features, hair combed back. He wore a brown surtout coat, black knee-breeches and leggings, and carried a carved-headed walking cane. His family consisted of a wife and five children, three boys and two girls, of whom we shall speak hereafter. The six widows, who occupied the left wing of the building, were provided with all the necessaries of life, and uniformly dressed in dark clothing, with the conventional "Methodist bonnets."

Such was the "school on the hill." At the age of ten the writer entered it as a pupil, and soon became familiar with its usages, part of which consisted of religious exercises at the opening and closing of each session. The instruction was of the ordinary kind—reading, writing, and arithmetic. Our principal lesson book was the New Testament. We soon found out that the master was very peculiar in his manner. We were exhorted to use the old Saxon or Scripture words, *Yea, Nay*, and *Verily*. The church members considered Mr. S—— a little eccentric, and as he was always reproving sin and sinners, he was called by the outsiders "Sainty S——."

The chapel, situate in the lower part of the town, was open several evenings of the week for preaching, prayer and class-meetings, and at the appointed hour the little company consisting of Father S—— and family, Mrs. Booker, and the six widows, might be seen wending their way to the "Jacksonite Chapel," as it was called. When the congregation entered the men filed to the right and women to the left, and were separated in the auditorium by a sort of *picket fence*.* Cushioned pews were

* The Irish received Christianity from the East, and the dividing of the sexes was an Eastern custom.

unknown in Methodist chapels in those days, but the benches were well filled, and especially the "penitent bench" at revivals. Near the front sat the leaders and Mr. Jackson, then followed the rows of earnest worshippers, at the appointed hour the preacher ascended the high old-fashioned box pulpit, and after the candles were snuffed by the sexton, the service commenced with a good old-fashioned hymn, sung to a familiar tune in which all joined. The sermon was generally of the awakening kind, powerful and with an unction, and the "amens" were frequent and hearty. The service was closed by a rousing prayer-meeting and conversions were the frequent result.

The Irish Methodists were proverbial for their hospitality, especially to the travelling preacher. On one occasion Gideon Ouseley was being entertained by Mr. Jackson, when the leaders and prominent members of the Church were assembled. After giving a graphic account of how the work of God was progressing all over Ireland, and of the persecution he met with, Mr. Ouseley related the following anecdote:—

"Brother Graham and I visited one of the western towns on a market day where a great number of people were assembled, three-fourths of whom were Roman Catholics. When we commenced to preach, a great shout arose, 'Down with the Swaddlers,' 'Down with the Black Caps.*' Then they began to throw stones and missiles at us. We beckoned with the hand as if we had something to say, and began to repeat the Lord's Prayer in the Irish tongue. The effect was like magic; all was quiet and every head was uncovered during its recital. At the conclusion, one person cried out, 'Now say the "Hail Mary."' We looked towards him and said, 'Who is that fellow who is speaking so disrespectful of the blessed Virgin?' A number of voices joined me in saying, 'Who is he? who is he?' then the crowd turned and mobbed the interrupter, and gave us a quiet hearing till we finished our sermon."

But to return to the "school on the hill." Our master was more feared than loved by the boys. Although a strictly good man, he was considered to be more of a Puritan than a Methodist; we scarcely ever saw a smile on his countenance. He

* Ouseley and Graham wore black scull caps and sat on horseback when preaching.

could make no allowance for boyish games of any kind, as the following incident will show :

One summer evening as he and the little company were coming to the prayer-meeting, he suddenly came upon a few of the scholars (the writer included), who were playing at marbles. He made a charge upon us, kicked the alleys, and used his walking-cane freely. I need scarcely say we made a hasty retreat and left him the victor. Next morning we were lectured for "bowing down to little gods," and ordered to the penitential (not penitent) bench.

As above stated, our master had three sons—Robert, James, and Dick—very nice lads, especially Robert, the oldest. He was a tall, handsome youth of about eighteen, who occasionally assisted his father in teaching, and was intended for that profession. James was two years his junior, tall of his age, of a cheerful disposition. Dick was some years younger than James, a stout little fellow, full of mischief and frolic, a natural mechanic.

Mrs. S—— was handsome, matronly, pious, and of a sweet disposition, which atoned for her husband's eccentricity. The two daughters, Carrie and Susan, aged respectively twelve and ten, were modest and industrious. In a word the S—— family were happy and lived within their limited means.

Amongst Mrs. Booker's scholars one is deserving of a passing notice, especially as she is to bear an important part in our story. Her name was Mary Logan, the daughter of an intelligent local-preacher, who lived on a small farm at Milltown, about one mile from Monaghan. Mary was about sixteen, tall and slight, of Grecian style of countenance, fair complexion, flaxen hair and blue eyes, which won her the name of "blue-eyed Mary." She was intimate with the S—— girls, and often met them at the Sunday-school in the little chapel where Robert was a teacher. After spending the day with her companions, Robert was often deputed to "see her home"—a task which he willingly performed.

It was not "all work and no play" with Sainty S——'s scholars. In the spring and summer months our sports consisted of athletic games, fishing in the lakes, swimming in the Blackwater, gathering berries, sloes, crab-apples, mushrooms, hunting rabbits, and seeking for birds' nests. Robert did not

join in our diversions, he being older and more sedate. Yet he did not always stop at home; having an attraction at Milltown, thither he involuntarily wandered for a rustic ramble with blue-eyed Mary to the stone bridge that spanned the Blackwater. For hours they stood gazing at the romantic scenery, listening to the rumbling of the old corn mill, with its ever-revolving water-wheel covered with spray and foam, while the air was redolent with the hawthorn blossom and wild flowers, which Robert collected and festooned into Mary's summer hat.

"With the songster in the grove
Here they told their tale of love
And sportive garlands wove."

But, alas! "Love's young dream" was of short duration; the meetings of the lovers were reported to the parents, who thought it indiscreet. Accordingly Mary was prohibited from visiting Mr. S——'s, and Robert's father gave him such a lecture that he resolved to leave home and strike out for himself.

I have a distinct recollection of the recruiting parties in the fairs and markets of my native town. The sergeant with his Waterloo and other medals suspended to his padded and close-fitting scarlet coat, was accompanied by several drummers and fifers, whose martial strains collected a crowd that followed to "headquarters," a tavern in the market-square. Here the officer in command made an oration, setting forth the glories of the army, finishing up with "Three cheers for the king," and an invitation to the boys to "Come in and have a drink."

Let us follow the party into the sitting-room where abundance of Irish whiskey was served up, followed by a popular air from the band, then another speech by the sergeant, something like the following:

"Now boys, I'll tell yez something about war. Ye see when our regiment (the good ould Connaught Rangers) were in the Peninsula we lived like fightin' cocks, we had the best of atin' and drinkin', and lots of devarshun. Early on the mornin' of the battle of Waterloo I was out on picket duty near the Frinch lines, when who should come up ridin' on a horse wid

a cloak round him (to disguise himself) but Bonypart himself." Here the speaker was interrupted by a voice, "What sort of a looking man was Bony?" "Well, boys, as near as I could judge, he would stand six feet three in his stockin' soles, bushy whiskers, squint in his eye and a wart on his nose." "Did he spake to you?" "Av course he did. 'Sargint O'Gorman,' sez he, 'what strength are yez?' 'Five hundred thousand, furby the Prushins,' sez I. 'That's a wopper,' sez he. 'Who are them fellows of yours wid the bare legs?' sez he. 'Thin's the 42nd Highlanders, or the Kilties, as the boys call them; like ourselves, tigers to fight,' sez I."

At this point a general laugh and another drink, then the sergeant pulled out a handful of silver and said, "Now, boys, who'll take *the skillin'*; yez are a fine lookin' lot of fellows, and I'll list ye for sargints." Several came forward and took the coin, and had ribbons pinned on their hats. Another drink, a rattle of the drum—"Turn out the whole. Fall in there; right face, quick march," roared the sergeant, and off they start to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day," or "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The whiskey was the most objectionable part of the performance, as many enlisted under its influence and repented when sober.

Among the boys who listened to Sergeant O'Gorman's speech was Robert S——. "He had read of war and longed to follow to the field some warlike lord." But he did not like the infantry, and consequently did not take "the shilling" from the sergeant. A troop of the Tenth Hussars (afterwards stationed at Toronto, then in Monaghan) were the admiration of all the lads and lasses of the town. The dark blue uniform, with a scarlet jacket slung over their left shoulder, their glistening helmets and prancing horses, gave them a dashing appearance. Robert tried to enlist in this troop, but was told that he must go to "headquarters" in Dublin, at the same time receiving a letter to the commander. His mind was made up, he kept his own counsel, except to Mary Logan, to whom he said he was going to Dublin to seek a situation, promising to write frequently. After a tender parting he bid adieu to his lovely blue-eyed Mary.

One fine morning in June, Robert arose unusually early, packed his wardrobe with his Bible in a handkerchief, then,

peeping into his mother's chamber, saw her in a placid sleep, he was about to steal a last kiss, but prudence forbade him. Then wiping away a tear he turned from the parental roof with a heavy heart and a light purse, and commenced his sixty mile walk to Dublin.

Robert's absence that day was attributed to a fishing excursion which he often made to Killmore lakes. But as he had not come home at the usual time his parents grew uneasy. Next morning the family, being alarmed at his absence, sent to Mr. Logan's. Mary said he had been there two days before, and told her he was going to Dublin in quest of a situation. This was confirmed by a trooper, who said that a young man called at the barracks a few days ago wanting to enlist, and that the captain told him he could not join here, but at Dublin, the headquarters of the regiment. It was evident that Robert had enlisted, and then there was "weeping, lamentation and woe, his mother refused to be comforted."

About a week after this event a letter was received from Robert bearing the Dublin post-mark. He asked pardon for his disobedience and rash act. He said he did not like to be a teacher nor did he care for a mechanical trade, and the only opening he thought of, and one which would not embarrass his father, was the army, for which he had a taste and where he hoped for promotion. To Mary he wrote a similar letter, reassuring her of his sincere love, but releasing her from her engagement, as he knew not when he might return. Mary's reply was very affectionate, saying she could never love any one else, and she would wait for his return if it should be twenty years.

In the meanwhile we will follow Robert to "headquarters." On the first day he walked to Drogheda, and felt tired. Next morning he arose early to see the old-fashioned city which he had read of. On the bridge which crosses the Boyne river he met an old gentleman who gave him all the information he wanted.

"Yes," said the gentleman, "this is Drogheda, once a walled city; but it had to succumb to Cromwell, after a desperate struggle. That obelisk that you see on the river bank marks the spot where William III. crossed the Boyne with his gallant Inniskillens and others, and where he gained a great victory over James II. in 1690."

At sunset that evening Robert reached Dublin, and on the following morning he proceeded to the cavalry barracks and presented his letter to the commanding officer. After reading it, the colonel eyed Robert all over, then remarked, "Captain Manson says you're a respectable young man, with a good education. It's such we want in the Tenth Hussars, who are justly termed a crack regiment. I like your appearance; you can now step into the orderly room and be enlisted."

Robert bowed, and obeyed military orders for the first time. After being tested and signing the roll, he was shown into the tailor's shop to be measured for a uniform, and thence to his quarters—a long room with two rows of iron bedsteads; opposite each was hung on brackets the men's accoutrements. At the sound of a trumpet the men assembled to the dining or messroom in squads, Robert amongst the rest.

In the evening while seated on his bed, his comrades were singing, jesting, and talking so loud that Robert could scarcely hear his own voice; then opening his little wardrobe he took therefrom his mother's Bible and read a chapter, then knelt in prayer as he was accustomed to. Scarcely had he commenced when a general laugh and a jeer came from nearly all in the room. Some said "Methodist," others said "Swaddler." Then they began to hoot and throw missiles at him, till one young man named Armstrong, from the County Fermanagh, the son of a Methodist, rose to his feet and said, "Boys, your conduct is disgraceful to a stranger, who is evidently a good young man. I remember how you did the same thing to me, till you shamed me out of my piety, but now I'll turn the tables, and report every man of the room to the commanding officer to-morrow." He did so, and that officer who was already impressed with Robert, gave them a sharp reprimand, saying if he ever heard of such a thing again he would punish them heavily. From that day forward Robert had no further annoyance. Robert's first duty was severe. At four o'clock, trumpet call; three hours, riding-school; breakfast at seven; riding-school in the forenoon, and so on. In a little time by perseverance (and after many tumbles) he mastered his drill, and was present with his regiment at a review and sham-battle in Phoenix Park.

But to return to the school on the hill. Robert's parents had

become reconciled, and the Logan and S—— families were on good terms again. Amongst the leaders in the little society was a pioneer Methodist—a shrewd, intelligent little man, with a superior family of young men and women. Mr. W——, with his other abilities as a leader, was a good singer, and boasted of having “raised the hymns” for John Wesley. He was on terms of intimacy with Dr. Coke, President of the Conference. On one occasion he took his eldest daughter to a public breakfast which was given to Dr. Adam Clark at Armagh, twelve miles from Monaghan. Mr. W—— had the pleasure of seeing his sons and daughters, son-in-law and grandchildren amongst the worshippers at the Methodist preaching-house. One of his grandsons he often patted on the head calling him his “rosy-cheeked little Eddie.” That little boy is the writer of this sketch, and the young woman who went with her father to the breakfast was his mother. The same little fellow was sometimes used as a bedwarmer for the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, when that good man stopped at his father’s house. In after years the same boy, grown to manhood, stood in Wesley’s pulpit at City Road Chapel, London, not as a preacher but as a loyal Methodist of “apostolic succession.”

The travelling preachers who visited Monaghan in turn were Gideon Ouseley, Graham, Reiley, Fehee, Averel, Deery, Walsh and others. They were “workmen who need not be ashamed,” men full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, popular among all Protestant denominations, “and the common people heard them gladly.”

FLOWERS preach to us if we will hear.
The rose saith in the dewy morn,
“I am most fair,
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.”
The lilies say, “Behold how we
Preach, without words, of purity !”

But not alone the fairest flowers :
The merest grass
Along the roadside where we pass,
Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,
Tell of His love who sends the dew,
The rain, and the sunshine too,
To nourish one small seed.

—G. D. Rossetti.

HALF HOURS IN AN ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

BY DR. DANIEL CLARK,

Medical Superintendent of Toronto Asylum.

AMONG the asylums of Christendom, the use of irons, the inflictions of beatings, the sufferings of starvation, and the permission of all kinds of violence, are of the past, and are dark chapters in human history. When the knowledge of the fact that insanity was always a bodily disease and needed medical treatment took hold of the medical profession and the public it put an end to sanctioned cruelty, which was begotten of ignorance and superstition. The idea of devil-possession carried with it either neglect or personal violence; either fear of the afflicted or the employment of drastic measures to drive out the supposed demons. The asylums have now become hospitals for the sick or houses of refuge, and not the habitations of horrid cruelty as they formerly were. Cleanliness, good food, little or no personal restraint, comfortable beds and rooms, pleasant surroundings—in short, every method which might lead to bodily strength and mental health is now adopted.

In spite of these facts being known to the public for a quarter of a century and more, it is astonishing to note the prevailing ignorance in respect to asylum treatment of the insane. Visitors are told that all personal restraint of every kind is removed, and has been for years. With an incredulous air they will ask for a sight of padded rooms, irons, strait-jackets and howling maniacs. It shows how hard it is to root out fixed ideas from the human mind. Bedlam and madhouses are associated with all the horrors of the Middle Ages; with such as are evolved from the novelist's brain, or with the caricatures of the Ophelias of the stage. The visitors wonder at the sight of pictures, statuary, curtains, mirrors, upholstered furniture and musical instruments in the wards and within reach of the patients. They can scarcely credit their eyes when female patients are seen sewing, quilting, knitting, making beds and doing general house-work. The male patients cultivate flowers, do gardening, farming, carpenter, blacksmith, and fireman work. The dishevelled locks, the wild stare, the odd antics, the frenzy or muttering inanities are exceptions to the

general rule. The faces of many of the insane have no characteristic features to distinguish them from the sane. It is often amusing to see how often strangers, who pride themselves upon their discernment, select attendants as patients, and even medical officers are not exempt from the imputation. The writer has often been taken for a lunatic by inquisitive and well intending people, when he was found sitting with patients or wandering around the corridors. No mere denial of "the soft impeachment" would remove the impression, so sure were they of having judged aright. As the countenance was the plea upon which the opinion was based, the mistake was excusable, and even pardonable.

There is no doubt, the faces of the insane change for the better under kind influences. The squalor, the filth, the dark, dank cells, the horrid food, the barbarities of convict jailers, all helped to produce hard, bestial lines on the faces, and had a tendency to obliterate those moral and intellectual natural forces which make even an ugly face pleasant to contemplate. They light it up with glints of sunshine, which are felt but cannot be described. It is still true, that "the heart of man changeth his countenance." We need only go and inspect the chronic criminals in our prisons to prove this statement. Many and repeated impulses of passion, desire, anxiety, and good or evil deeds, imprint photographic records on the faces of animals or men. The typical faces of the different nations are largely brought about by their distinctive social relations and environments. Conditions being given, results follow a general law.

Another popular delusion is that all the insane must of necessity feel miserable. So far from this being the case, it may be truly said that the most of them are more contented than when they were sane and at home. Many of them could not be driven away. The asylum is their home, and such would think it a hardship to be sent adrift to shift for themselves. They feel their helplessness to fight for a living in the universal struggle for existence. Many of them have tasted to their bitter cost of the heartlessness of the outer world in its pitiless unconcern for the welfare of anything but self. There are noble exceptions, but that is the rule as far as the experiences of the insane are concerned. Philanthropists would be shocked had they opportunity to examine our records in respect to the

relation of society to the insane, not to speak of relatives and so-called friends. Our Governments do nobly in rescuing the perishing, and so do individual philanthropists, but heartlessness is easily found in society, and that without a Diogenic lantern.

Some of those discharged improved or recovered will voluntarily come back and insist on being taken in. There is a patient in Toronto Asylum now who walked back from near Detroit. Another walked from Muskoka and arriving on Sunday afternoon begged to be admitted as his "brain was on fire and he wished the fire put out." We have a patient here who walked part of the way and stole rides on the cars for the rest of the journey from the northern part of Michigan. There is a patient here, who comes back of his own accord, when he feels that "coming events are casting their shadows before." Nothing short of an arrest for trespass would cause him to vacate the premises. There is one remarkable case here, who had formerly been a patient in this asylum, and on recovering found his way to California; while there he again became insane and was sent to an asylum. He escaped and walked the most of the way back to us across the continent. His journey lasted over six months. He says it took him six days to cross the American desert, which he did alone. His only subsistence were cornmeal and water which he carried on his back in vessels provided for him by some cowboys. This was perseverance which the sane might envy.

Occasionally some will run away, who may have had temporary liberty, but finding out that freedom was not an unalloyed pleasure, seeing they could not get away from themselves and their unrest, they gladly seek their old quarters and for a time will be contented. These restless classes are fond of any change, but are not by any means unhappy or miserable to such a degree as would make them lose a night's sleep or a meal. They are like children in being easily pleased or grieved, but to whom neither condition is of long duration. Change is to such pleasant, because it is altered circumstances, with the novelties, which fascinate by their newness for a brief time. The plaything of to-day is the castaway of to-morrow. What is sought for is gained only to cloy the desire in its enjoyments, unless it is a fixed delusion which no change or volition can shake off.

Another feature in the mental capacity of the insane is, the fixity of educated ideas and of manual skill, even when the mind has become much enfeebled. The musician, the painter, the fancy-worker, the linguist, the farmer, and the mechanic lose little of their dexterity in these several departments, unless reason is very much affected. We have astonishing exhibitions of their attainments and handiwork almost daily. Of course, it is to be remembered that what has taken labour, attention, intelligence to do when we are learning, becomes after a time by repetition largely automatic. Our early efforts to walk soon become so easy as to require little mental effort to accomplish. They have become largely mechanical from exercise. The old lady in her childhood days learning to knit, needed all her attention and efforts to take up stitches and let them down at the proper time and place. At last this work could be done when the mind was wandering in imagination far away or "biggin' castles in the air." The knitting goes on and without the aid of conscious intelligence. The young lady is painfully aware of the monotonous work of acquiring a knowledge of piano music. After a while it becomes routine and as she is playing correctly some well-known melody, her mind wanders back to other days and other scenes in complete oblivion of what her hands are doing on the keys. The very eyes show the revery and abstraction of the spiritual tenant.

These examples are given to show how by repetition and education we become in many ways mere mental machines. It is unconscious mind-working in the line of what was at first conscious and painstaking. Here is where the power of habit for good or evil comes into play. It is always easier to do anything after frequent repetition, until little mental effort is needed in its execution. In mind-trouble these fixed and early acquisitions cling tenaciously to the memory. It needs little thinking to reproduce such work as had become a sort of second nature in previous years. Our own experience teaches us that if we have a capacity to do any manual labour requiring any dexterity of touch it is never forgotten or lost, it matters not how many years we may have ceased to put this to the test. The old deftness will come back, and in a few trials we will do what at first needed years of training and application.

When we bear these facts in mind it is easy to understand how ingrained these acquisitions become in our nature. It would need grave changes in our body and mind to destroy these capacities which have become to us a sort of second nature, by virtue of early training.

The voices many hear and the sights numbers see, as related by the insane to officers and nurses, would be curious and interesting reading, when viewed in the light of reason. These false impressions on the senses, or conjured up in the mind, show how much our sensations, emotions, affections, volitions, and reasoning power depend on a sound brain for normal results. This phantasmic life is experienced in our dreams, when judgment is in bondage and imagination has full sway.

“Ye never can fold your wandering wings,
Ye wild unfathomable things.”

The muttering delirium of fever and the horrid spectres of delirium tremens show the same unbridled ideality. The organ is out of tune, hence are horrid discords and want of harmony. It will be seen then, that happiness or misery in the insane depends largely on the nature of the false conceptions. If they are pleasant then do they necessarily produce happiness, if otherwise, then is misery the result. It is gratifying to know that the majority of our asylum population is not among the latter class. The very miserable are few, the indifferent, and contented are in the majority. The childishness, the carelessness about home and friends, the want of any interest in any thing but what is passing before them, the pleasure in trumpery things, and the slight hold any passing emotion has upon this class make life not only tolerable, but even passably enjoyable.

The healthy physical condition of many who are melancholy, and whose delusions are of a sombre character, show that they do not possess the deep-seated and poignant feelings of the sane, else they would sleep little and eat poorly. There are exceptions to these phases of mentality. Those who are determined to commit suicide are miserable, especially such as believe they have committed the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost.

There are many patients who have passed into the stage of

helpless demented. The lives of those thus afflicted are largely mechanical and organic. They sit all day in a sort of dreamy state, partially unconscious and partly unmindful of their surroundings. It matters not to them whether they are domiciled in a hut or palace, in wealth or penury. They take no interest in the world or its doings. Even the lower animal instincts are blunted, and even a sense of decency is lost to many of them. The dinner bell has the most power to stimulate such into periodic activity. Its noise indicates to them something to eat—"simply this, and nothing more." There are all gradations of this class, from the childish but useful farmer, mechanic and gardener, to the silly, harmless and automatic existence. Sad weaklings are they all, yet these luckless waifs drifting onward on the sea of human life are incapable of feeling mental pain, or being worried by human trouble. The days of their anxieties and anguish are past. They know not, think not, care not what they do. In this fact of partial or utter obliviousness there is comfort to the friends. It is a merciful provision which has been made in which this form of mental dethronement is compensated for in many cases by forgetfulness of the past or at least a mitigation of the once grievous memories of the mind.

There is in the other extreme a class whose minds are active, but are engaged in pleasant reflections. Such are they who labour under delusions of greatness and are full of vain conceits. The imaginary millionaire glories in his untold wealth and its purchasing power. The king is "monarch of all he surveys." All are his humble servants who come in contact with him. They may sometimes seem rebellious and far from being obedient, but yet subordinate in spite of their unfaithfulness to his behests. We have more queens than kings, and these put on airs indicating their dignity and importance. The asylum is a palace; the corridors are regal halls; the dining-rooms are banquetting chambers, with more than Assyrian splendour, and the ordinary and substantial food is fit to set before any empress. Our Victorias number six at present, and to them the Guelphs are usurpers, whose destruction will be sure and swift. Each queen looks upon the other as a false claimant, and it is sometimes difficult to prevent war between those sovereigns who assume the same titles. When

jurisdictions clash we are obliged to separate into several wards those who are disposed to issue an *ultimatum* to be followed by a declaration of war. Heroes, whose deeds are recorded in the annals of fame, are easily found. We have a Wellington, who won Waterloo. We have a Marlborough, who fought at Blenheim. We glory in a Sir Walter Scott, a Byron, a Dickens, all unjustly "in durance vile." There is a lady here who reasons out shrewdly that she is her own aunt, and gives matronly advice to her niece. There is scarcely an imagination, however absurd, which some patient has not applied to himself or herself.

All these fantasies are to these diseased minds as if they were facts, and no reasoning can remove them until the brain is restored to health and normal vigour. Such can see no delusions in themselves but they can discern them in others as keenly as do the sane. The false conceptions of others are not in the same line of thought as their own imaginings. Not only so, but so strongly fixed are these false ideas that no amount of experience will root them out. We fed a woman for eighteen months through a tube in her mouth, yet her delusion was that she had no mouth. Some years ago we had a patient who had lost her identity and thought she was somebody else, and yet her memory was unimpaired. Nearly all asylums have those who think themselves some brittle substance, such as glass, and are afraid to be touched or to move suddenly lest they should break to pieces. Others are generating steam, or are composed of gunpowder or dynamite, and are afraid to move or be moved, lest an explosion and extinction should be the result. A few years ago a lady thought she was a duality and would sketch out two bodies, in parallel lines, one within the other. The inner body was the devil and the outer was herself. She recovered and no one now laughs more heartily at the absurdity than herself. A venerable gentle old lady constantly picks at the ends of her fingers to allow the quicksilver in her system to run out. She sees it coursing in globules in her veins. Some years ago a patient thought himself the wandering Jew and every one was in hot hunt to kill him. This delusion had existed for months. One night he went to bed as the historic Israelite and slept, he awoke as a Gentile and in his right mind. He has had no recurrence of the attack. Volumes might be written on the curious delusions of the insane.

Sometimes the upsetting and dwarfing of one or more faculties serves to impel the others to exhibit more than ordinary sharpness and capacity. The overflow of mental energy comes from a reservoir which has some of its outlets stopped, and as a consequence the pent-up force stimulates to greater activity other avenues of manifestations of power. In other words, the current of mentality is checked in one direction, but this only increases its intensity in another. The popular belief is erroneous that to be insane means to be a raving madman, a gibbering idiot or a stupid dement. The silly public utterances, in the press and in Parliament, in connection with a recent state trial showed how even the best minds in our Dominion are befogged in respect to this matter. Antiquated notions and metaphysical subtleties took the place of practical knowledge and undoubted facts as to what insanity is in its effects upon human conduct.

The insane will play cards, chequers, chess, billiards and cricket with accustomed tact and shrewdness. I have on my table now a clever essay on morals, written by a patient. He has taken for his text: "He who steals my purse steals trash, etc." I have also a poem on "charity," by a lady, which no paper or magazine need be ashamed to publish. Its diction, its sentiment and culture show no evidence of her many delusions. These evidences of intellectual power in certain lines of thought are not rare in an asylum. Wit, humour, quick and keen repartee are of daily occurrence. Not long ago an excited patient broke a pane of glass. I said to her, "This is a *pane*-ful operation." "No, sir, it is a *pane-less* operation," she replied. A religious enthusiast was trying to make a Christian of me. I replied: "This is a hard world for the sinner." The answer came at once with cutting irony, "Is it? You ought to know." A patient who has the delusion she is in Hades, said to me that she "saw devils all around her." I stated my doubts as to their existence. She replied, "If you gaze into a looking-glass you will see one." The proof was conclusive and at hand.

We had a cricket match with a club largely made up of theological students. Our club was mostly made up of patients, who had been good players. One of these patients was batting and a student was wicket-keeping. The patient was bowled out and immediately began to use very vigorous Anglo-Saxon. The student did not know he was a patient, so thought it was

his duty to do some missionary work on the spot. After he had delivered himself of a homily on the sin of using in any way the name of His Satanic Majesty, the patient quietly turned round and in reply said: "You should not say a word against the devil, for were it not for him where would your profession be?" The quiet listening to the rebuke and the pungent answer were very ludicrous. A garrulous old Irish lady believes she is a lineal descendant of the Irish kings. She cuttingly says: "All the race had sound heads, sound hearts, sound religion, sound constitutions, and *sounding* tongues in which was perpetual motion." She is a good illustration of the last statement, for her speech like Tennyson's river, "flows on forever."

A few days ago, a patient was teasing me for some special favour, which if granted, would be against the rules. It was refused, and the retort came, "Wise men change their minds, but *fools* never." The foolish word was emphasized so as to attract my attention to its aptness in my case. About a year ago a grand jury visited the asylum. An accomplished young lady patient stood at the ward door, as each person filed in. She held out her hand for a five cent collection. She left the door empty-handed, saying: "The Lord loveth a *cheerful* giver, you must all be *hated* by Him."

These specimens show that many insane are not so foolish as people imagine. Their capacity to solve riddles and charades, the scholar's solution of an algebraical problem, the capacity to form combinations, lay traps, and calculate probabilities in playing billiards, chess, draughts or cards, the estimates of the various characters they come in contact with based upon intuitions, the keen sense of right and wrong, the criticisms on sermons and concert-singing, the inner workings of such unbalanced minds in determining their conduct, all are of intense interest even to the general reader, but must be discussed at some future time.

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,
 That the highest suffer most?
 That the strongest wander farthest,
 And more hopelessly are lost?
 That the sign of rank in nature
 Is capacity for pain,
 And the anguish of the singer
 Makes the sweetness of the strain?

METHODISM AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

THE noble volumes to which we are largely indebted for the substance of this article present the most candid and philosophical review of the eighteenth century with which we are acquainted. By his previous *History of Rationalism*, and *History of European Morals*, Mr. Lecky has shown his ability to treat with conspicuous fairness large ethical and historical questions. In his *England in the Eighteenth Century*, by the judicious exercise of the historic imagination he makes the dead past live again, and with masterly skill he analyses the causes and traces the course of the great movements of the age. Predominant among these he recognizes the great religious revival of which the Wesleys and Whitefield were, under God, the chief instruments. Lord Macaulay, Lord Mahon, Isaac Taylor, Robert Southey, and other able writers have also recognized this agency, but none so fully as Mr. Lecky.

That religious revival, which proved the great moral anti-septic to the social corruptions of England, he treats in one hundred and thirty closely-printed pages.

"Although the career," he says, "of the elder Pitt, and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won under his ministry, form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George II., they must yield, I think, to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield. The creation of a large, powerful, and active sect, extending over both hemispheres and numbering many millions of souls, was but one of its consequences. It also exercised a profound and lasting influence upon the spirit of the Established Church, upon the amount and distribution of the moral forces of the nation, and even upon the course of its political history."

Referring to that memorable evening when, while listening to Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans in the little

*England in the 18th Century. By W. E. H. Lecky, 4 vols. Price \$12. New York : D. Appleton & Co. ; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

Moravian assembly, Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed," and received the assurance of the forgiveness of sins, our author remarks :

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place in that humble meeting in Aldergate Street forms an epoch in English history. The conviction which then flashed upon one of the most powerful and active intellects in England is the true source of English Methodism.

He also attributes it to the influence of Methodism that England was saved from a political convulsion and "reign of terror" similar to that of the French Revolution.

The opinion of the literary world has greatly changed since early in the century the witty but often unreverend Sydney Smith wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* of the Methodists thus:—

If the choice rested with us, we should say—give us back our wolves again—restore our Danish invaders—curse us with any evil but the evil of a canting, deluded, and Methodistical populace.

Again, the unvenerable prebend of St. Paul's so far forgets his dignity as to use the expressions—

"The nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism," "a nest of consecrated cobblers," "men despicable from their ignorance and formidable from their madness. It is scarcely possible," he adds, "to reduce the drunken declamations of Methodism to a point, to grasp the wriggling lubricity of these cunning animals, and to fix them in one position." "To the learning, the moderation, and the rational piety of the Establishment we most earnestly wish a decided victory over the nonsense, the melancholy, and the madness of the tabernacle. God grant," he piously adds, "that our wishes be not in vain."*

Yet we doubt not that this clerical scurrile jester, had he lived till this day, would have vied with the late large-minded Dean of Westminster, in paying reverence to the memory of the founders of Methodism by placing their busts in the mausoleum of England's mighty dead, Westminster Abbey.

To a brief examination of the political and social condition of England in the eighteenth century, and the influence of Methodism in saving the nation, we will devote a few pages. The second half of that century was a period of peculiar importance in the history of England and of Europe. The good King who,

* These extracts are all from the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1808, and April, 1809, reprinted in the collected essays of Sydney Smith.

through two long generations, continued to sway the sceptre over the British Empire, was on the throne. For the first time since the restoration of Charles the Second, the nation was unanimous in loyalty to its sovereign. Jacobitism was dead. After the keen and angry contests of parties for more than half a century, which, during that time, had more than once deluged the country in blood, the accession of a native sovereign of the House of Hanover had composed to peace the passions of conflicting factions. The British fleets and armies had gained most illustrious successes in every quarter of the globe. Two vast colonial empires had been annexed to the British possessions. The world was ringing with the applause of Wolfe's heroic death on the heights of Quebec, and of Clive's stupendous victory on the Plains of Plassey. Britain's arms were triumphant in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Her fleets were victorious in the Mediterranean and the Baltic, on the Atlantic and the Pacific. Her flag waved exultantly on the Ohio and on the Ganges, on the Moro of Havana and on the forts of the Gold Coast. France and Spain, Austria and Russia were humbled before the prowess of Britain and her allies. The Great Commoner, William Pitt, had made good his proud boast that "England should moult no feather of her crest."

On the continent of Europe the dreadful conflict that for seven weary years had desolated its ancient seats of civilization and more than decimated some of its most populous districts, had ceased. The death wrestle of the nations was over. On a hundred battle-fields the grass, watered with blood, was growing greener than its wont. The smoke and carnage of battle had passed away; the false and fading glory of arms alone remained.

In America the long and bloody struggle for the supremacy of the continent was ended. The victories of Du Quesne, Louisburg, Ticonderoga, Niagara, and Quebec had signalized the British arms. In 1763 the whole disputed territory was ceded to the English. The war, wide-wasting, which had blazed around the world gave place to the blessed calm of peace. But this peaceful calm was not long to endure. Already were gathering the clouds from which flashed forth again the lightnings of war. Britain was to lose, by the revolt of the American colonies, more than she had gained in those she wrested from the French. The

ill-judged Navigation and Stamp Acts exasperated the feelings of her colonial subjects. In consequence of the latter Act, business was suspended, law proceedings stayed, and the courts shut.

In 1765 the name of liberty was invoked in Boston, and the first Congress of the colonies assembled at New York. For ten years the country was in a continual ferment of excitement. The estrangement from the mother country became daily greater and greater. Then came the outbreak at Lexington, the seven years of unnatural war, English blood shed by English bayonets, and amid the throes of a continent a nation was born.

Amid these absorbing public interests was planted in the United States and Canada the feeble germ of Methodism which to-day shakes like Lebanon, and covers the whole land with its shadow. Unnoticed among the great events which were then convulsing the world, it was, nevertheless, greater than them all in its hallowed influence on the souls of men.

Since that period how remarkable has been the improvement in the social condition of both Great Britain and America! What marvellous advancement in the arts and sciences! How wonderfully literature has been extended and popularized! The administration of justice has been greatly amended, and the severity of the penal laws greatly mitigated. Means of locomotion and communication have been perfected beyond all conception of our ancestors. Schemes of sublimest beneficence and of world-wide philanthropy have been developed. The stain of the slave-trade and of slavery has been wiped away forever. War has been rendered less ferocious but not less destructive than of yore.

The system of police has been extended and rendered marvellously efficient. Life and property, liberty and the pursuit of happiness have been much better secured. The working classes—that vast preponderance in every age—have especially benefitted by the march of time. Their homes have been improved, their comforts increased, their sanitary condition bettered, their franchise greatly extended, their rights secured, their manners ameliorated, their morals elevated, their hours of labour diminished, and its heaviest and most mechanical drudgery performed by the tireless sinews and nimble fingers of machinery.

In hardly any department has there been such manifest progress during the past century as in the mechanical arts. The wonderful invention of Watt has more than realized the wildest legends of Aladdin's lamp and the magician's ring. Applied to the printing press, it has given wings to knowledge wherewith it may fly to the ends of the earth. To it Manchester and Leeds owe their enormous manufacture of textile fabrics. To it Sheffield and Birmingham are indebted for the fame of their cutlery among the Indians on the Saskatchewan and the negroes on the Senegal. To it the ports of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow owe their vast docks, crowded with shipping from all quarters of the globe, and their huge warehouses, filled with the treasures of the orient and the occident. Steam communication has bound the world in closer bands of fellowship, and has welded together by indissoluble ties the very ends of the earth. England, by means of its magnificent railway system, has become but a suburb, as it were, of its great metropolis. A journey to Land's-End or to John O'Groat's House a hundred years ago was as difficult as one to St. Petersburg or to Constantinople is now. One who had paced the Boulevards of Paris was accounted as great a traveller as he is now who has wandered amid the bazaars of Delhi or Allahabad. He who had shot deer in the glens of Inverness was as adventurous a hero as he who has hunted grislies in the defiles of the Rockies.

But the triumph of ocean telegraphy throws all other successes in the shade. Clive's great Indian victory was unknown at the Company's office, in Threadneedle Street, for many months after it was achieved. To-day an irruption of the hill tribes of Cashgur, or a revolt of the Maharattas, throbs along the electric nerve over thousands of miles of land and under thousands of miles of roaring billows, and thrills the auditory nerve of the world from Calcutta to New Westminster and far Vancouver. The inhabitants of Shetland were found praying for George III. when his successor had been a year on the throne. To-day the Queen's speech is hawked about the streets of Montreal and New Orleans on the very day it wakes the applause of St. Stephen's Palace. We are disappointed if last evening's news from Bucharest and Vienna, from Paris and Berlin, with yesterday's quotations from the Bourse of Frankfurt and the London Exchange, are not served with the coffee and toast at breakfast.

The recent improvements in the implements and armaments of war have rendered its conflicts much more deadly, but also much briefer than of yore. The Seven Years' War would now be fought out in seven weeks, possibly in as many days. Those great victories with which the world was ringing a hundred years ago were won with ships and arms that now would move to mirth instead of fear.

Education a hundred years ago was almost entirely in the hands of the salaried priests of the Establishment. The magnificent endowments provided for popular instruction by the piety of our ancestors were perverted from their original purpose to the exclusive advantage of the wealthy, unless under humiliating conditions, and were encumbered with tests which banished all Non-conformists from their ancient halls.

In all these respects what improvements have been made! Education has been brought within the reach of every class. "*Panis et circenses!*" was the cry of the Roman populace. "Bread and the *newspapers*" is the demand of modern times. A century ago these were the luxury of the few; they are now the necessity of all. Every department of literature has been wonderfully popularized. For this result, with many others equally beneficial, the world is greatly indebted to Methodism. No man of his age did more than John Wesley to give a cheap literature, that characteristic of our times, to the people. He wrote himself one hundred and eighty-one different works, two-thirds of which sold for less than a shilling each. They comprised histories, dictionaries, and grammars of several languages, editions of the classics, and the like. He established the first religious magazine in England. His manly independence hastened the abolition of the literary patronage of titled know-nothings, and of obsequious dedications to the great. He appealed directly to the patronage of the people, and found *them* more munificent than Augustus or Mæcenæ, than Leo X. or Lorenzo il Magnifico. He anticipated Raikes by several years in the establishment of Sunday-schools. The Tract Society, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but carried out more fully plans of usefulness which he had inaugurated. In imitation of the Moravian Brethren he also actively promoted the cause of Christian missions. But these were only the germs of those magnificent enterprises which, in

our time, have brought forth such glorious fruit. The present century may be characterized as especially the age of missions. Never since the days of the apostles have men exhibited such tireless energy, such quenchless zeal in going forth to preach the gospel to every creature. The miracle of Pentecost seems to be repeated, as, by means of the various Bible Societies, men of every land can read in their own tongue, wherein they were born, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The improvement in public and private morals during the past century is especially worthy of note. No British statesman of the present day would dare to practise the undisguised bribery and corruption that was common during the reign of George II. Walpole, the veteran premier of that sovereign, unblushingly asserted the doctrine that every man has his price; and his conduct was conformable to his theory. Borough-mongering was openly practised, and places at court and in the Church, in the army and navy, were shamelessly bought and sold. It was by no means uncommon to find ensigns in the cradle, who grew to be colonels in their teens. "Carry the major his pap," was a byword. It was not even deemed necessary to proceed by gradation. Edward Waverley joined his regiment in command of a troop, "the intermediate steps being overleapt with great facility." Charles Phillips states that one of Provost Hutchinson's daughters was gazetted to a majority of horse. The secret service estimates were enormous.

The amenities of political discussion were completely disregarded. The licentiousness of the press was excessive. The scurrilities and libels of demagogues like Wilkes were atrocious. Personal scuffles took place in the lobbies of St. Stephen's. Duelling was fatally prevalent.

Few things are more painful to contemplate than the moral obtuseness of the Court of George II. From the King to the lackey there seems to have been an almost entire absence of moral sense. The memoirs of Lord Harvey gave a ghastly picture of the times. The private life of the upper classes was often exceedingly profligate; witness the character of Chesterfield, of Walpole, of St. John, nay, of the King himself. The card table was the main resource from *ennui*. Faded dowagers sat late into the night playing the magic cards. The Newmarket races were a shameless hunt of profligacy and dissipa-

tion. So also were the favourite resorts of Bath and Tunbridge Wells. Immense sums were lost and won in bets. The fashionable literature to be found in fine ladies *boudoirs* was such as few now care to acknowledge having read. The obscenities of Fielding and Smollett raised not a blush on the cheek of beauty. Intemperance was a prevailing vice. No class was free from its contamination; the ermine of the judge and the cassock of the priest were alike polluted by the degrading practice. The dissipation of the lower classes was incredible. Smollett, in his account of the reign of George II. tells us that over the spirit-vaults in the streets of London might frequently be seen the inscription:—"Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for twopence; straw for nothing." The latter commodity was furnished for the purpose of enabling the patrons of the establishment comfortably to sleep off the effects of their potations. In 1749 the number of private gin-shops, within the bills of mortality, was estimated at more than seventeen thousand. Disease, vice, crime, disorder, lawlessness, profanity, immoralities of all sorts, had proportionally increased.

A series of legislative measures to which Mr. Lecky attaches great importance, were those directed against gin-drinking, the passion for which, dating from 1724, he describes as spreading with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic.

"Small as is the place which this fact occupies in English history," he says, "it was probably, if we consider all the consequences that have flowed from it, the most momentous in that of the eighteenth century—incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annals of the country."

Profane swearing was awfully prevalent. The judge swore upon the bench, the lawyer swore in addressing the jury, the fine lady swore over her cards, and it is even said that those who wore the surplice swore over their wine. "The nation was clothed with cursing as with a garment." The profligacy of the soldiers and sailors was proverbial: the barrack-room and ship's fore-castle were scenes of grossest vice, for which the cruel floggings inflicted were an inefficient restraint. Robbers way-laid the traveller on Hounslow Heath, and footpads assailed him in the streets of London. The highways, even in the metropolis, were execrable, consisting of large round stones imbedded in a stratum of mud. Sedan chairs were the ordinary

means of conveyance in the city. Goods were carried through the country on trains of pack-horses, or in waggons with enormous tires, from six to sixteen inches wide, and, unless accompanied by an escort, were frequently plundered. In the northern part of the island, rieving, raiding, and harrying cattle still often occurred. On the south-western coast, before the Methodist revival, wrecking—that is, enticing ships upon the rocks by the exhibition of false signals—was a constant occurrence, and was frequently followed by the murder of the shipwrecked mariners. This atrocious wickedness even a century ago had not quite disappeared, and smuggling was still exceedingly common. Although the mining population of the kingdom was greatly benefitted by the labours of the Wesleys and their coadjutors, still their condition was deplorable. Many were in a condition of grossest ignorance, their homes wretched hovels, their labour excessive and far more dangerous than now, their amusements brutalizing in their tendency. Even women and children underwent the ugly drudgery of the mine. For no class of society has Methodism done more than for these.

The introduction of gas has greatly restricted midnight crime in the cities. A hundred years ago they were miserably dark, lit only by oil lamps hung across the streets. Link boys offered to escort the traveller with torches. Riotous city “Mohawks” perambulated the streets at midnight, roaring drunken songs, assaulting belated passengers, and beating drowsy watchmen, who went their rounds with a “lanthorn” as it was called in those days, and duly announced the hour of the night, unless when asleep in the neighbouring watch-house. During the day chapmen accosted the passer-by with cries of, “What do ye lack, sir?—what do ye lack?” accompanied by voluble professions of the excellence of their wares, like the Jews in Monmouth Street. Bear and badger baiting was a favourite amusement, as were also pugilistic encounters. Even women, forgetting their natural pitifulness and modesty, fought half-naked in the ring. A French traveller who visited England in 1765, saw a man and woman engaged in combat for a wager. Many of these Amazons advertised public exhibitions of pugilism. The same traveller remarks the wretchedness of the streets, the rudeness of chairmen and porters to foreigners, and especially to Frenchmen. Laced coats, enormous waistcoats

with huge lappels, powdered wigs with long queues, knee-breeches and gold or silver buckles, together with a three-cornered hat, constituted the costume of a gentleman of the period. A rich skirt with a long train looped up over an embroidered petticoat, high-heeled shoes with a towering powdered *coiffure*, were the principal features in the dress of a fine lady a hundred years ago.

One of the greatest evils of the time was the condition of the laws affecting marriage. These laws were greatly amended by the Marriage Act of 1754. Prior to this Act a marriage valid for all purposes could be celebrated by a priest in orders at any time or place, without notice, consent of parents, or record of any kind. The celebration of such marriages fell into the hands of needy and disreputable clergymen, who were always to be found in or about the Fleet Prison, where they were or had been confined for debt. Hence the term Fleet marriages; although the Fleet parsons by no means enjoyed a monopoly. Indeed, the most thriving business in this walk was carried on by the Reverend Alexander Keith, at a chapel in Curzon Street, who was computed to have married on an average six thousand couples *per annum*. The Fleet parsons, however, had no reason to complain: it was proved before Parliament that there had been 2,954 Fleet marriages in four months; and it appeared from the memorandum-book of one of them, that he had made £57 by marriage-fees in a month; of another, that he had married one hundred and seventy-three couples in a single day.

The scandal reached its acme in the seaports when a fleet arrived, and the sailors were married, says Lecky, in platoons. There was a story that once when from fifty to a hundred couples were arranged for the ceremony at a chapel at Portsmouth, some confusion took place, and several of them got hold of the wrong hands. When the resulting difficulty was mentioned to the parson, he exclaimed, "Never mind, you are all of you married to some one, and you must sort yourselves afterwards." Sham marriages by sham priests were of constant occurrence. Examples are hardly required to show the amount of misery that must inevitably result when a solemn engagement may be contracted without a pause for reflection, on the spur of a passing inclination or caprice.

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

[For the benefit of those whose subscription begins with this number, we briefly outline the earlier chapters of this story, which are as follows : Margaret Vedder was the daughter of the chief factor and store-keeper of the little town of Lerwick, in Shetland. She was of a proud, cold nature, and treated with disdain the sailor acquaintances of her young husband, Jan Vedder. The Norse blood in Jan's veins longed for the sea. So Peter Fae, his close-fisted father-in-law, provided him with a fishing boat and outfit. This was lost in a storm, and Jan takes £600 of his wife's private fortune and buys a trading vessel, which is also wrecked. A complete estrangement between husband and wife takes place; Margaret returns to her father's house and refuses to see Jan even when his child was born. Jan, consorting with smuggler folk, becomes a smuggler himself. In a quarrel with one of his comrades he is stabbed, and Snorro, a faithful old servant of Peter Fae's and friend of Jan's, sends Margaret to her wounded husband. He swoons in her arms, and while she runs to bring help he falls over the cliff and is rescued by Dr. Balloch, the village minister, and sent to sea in an English yacht. He becomes thoroughly reformed, gets a commission in the Royal Navy, and fights the slave traders off the Guinea Coast. Margaret knows not what has become of him. People suspect that she pushed him over the cliff. Her mother dies and her father after a time marries Suneva Glum, a former rival of Margaret for the affections of Jan Vedder, without communicating his intention to his daughter.]

CHAPTER X.—SWEET HOME.

IF Margaret were neglected, it was in the main her own fault; or, at least, the fault of circumstances which she would not even try to control. Between her and Suneva there had never been peace, and she did not even wish that there should be. When they were scarcely six years old, there was a rivalry between them as to which was the better and quicker knitter. During their school days, this rivalry had found many other sources from which to draw strength. When Margaret consented to go to Edinburgh to finish her education, she had felt that in doing so she would gain a distinct triumph over Suneva Torr.

Her conquest of Jan Vedder, the admiration and hope of all the young girls on the island, was really a victory over Suneva, to whom Jan had paid particular attention before he met Margaret. Suneva had been the bitterest drop in all her humiliation concerning her marriage troubles. If Peter had searched Shetland through, he could not have found a second wife so thoroughly offensive to his daughter.

And apart from these personal grievances, there were pecuniary ones which touched Margaret's keenest sensibilities. Peter Fae's house had long been to her a source of pride; and, considering all things, it was admirably arranged and handsomely furnished. In the course of events, she naturally expected that it would become her house—hers and her boy's. To not only lose it herself, but to have it given to Suneva without reservation, seemed to Margaret not only a wrong but an insult. It must be admitted that her mortification in being only a dependent in the house which she had ruled, and regarded as her own, was a natural and a bitter one.

At the last, too, the change had come upon her with the suddenness of a blow from behind. It is true that Peter made no secret of his courtship, and equally true that the gossips of the town brought very regular news of its progress to Margaret. But she did not believe her father would take a step involving so much to them both, without speaking to her about it. As soon as he did so, she had resolved to ask him to prepare her own home for her without delay. She had taken every care of her furniture. It was in perfect order, and as soon as the house had been again put into cleanly shape, she could remove to it. The thought of its perfect isolation, and of its independence, began to appear desirable to her. Day by day she was getting little articles ready which she would need for her own house-keeping.

In the meantime the summer with all its busy interests kept Peter constantly at the store. When he was at home, his mind was so full of "fish takes" and of "curing" that Margaret knew it would be both imprudent and useless to name her private affairs. Perhaps his extreme pre-occupation was partly affected in order to avoid the discussion of unpleasant matters; but if so, Margaret never suspected it. When the fishing was over, Peter was always a few weeks employed in counting up his expenses and his gains. But when November was nearly over, then Margaret determined to open the subject of the reported marriage to him, if he did not take the initiative.

As it was getting near this time, she walked over one afternoon to her old home, in order to ascertain its condition. Never, since she so foolishly abandoned it, had she been near the place. Its mournful, desolate aspect shocked her. Peter had never been able to rent it. There was an idea that it belonged to Margaret and was "unlucky." The gate had fallen from the rusted hinges. Passing boys had maliciously broken the windows, and the storms of two winters had drifted through the empty rooms. Margaret looked with dismay at the place, and, as she went through the silent rooms, could not help a low cry of real heart pain. In them it was impossible to forget Jan, the gay, kind-hearted husband, who had once made all their echoes ring to his voice and tread.

Never had the sense of her real widowhood seemed so strong and so pitiful. But in spite of its dreariness, the house attracted her. There, better than in any other place, she could rear her son, and devote her life to memories at once so bitter and so sweet. She determined to speak that very night, unless her father were unusually cross or thoughtful. Christmas was a favourite date for weddings, and it was very probable that Suneva would choose that time for her own. If so, there would be barely time to prepare the old home.

She set Peter's tea-table with unusual care; she made him the cream-cakes that he liked so well, and saw that everything was bright and comfortable, and in accord with his peculiar fancies. But Peter did not come home to tea, and after waiting an hour, she put the service away. It had become a very common disappointment.

Peter said something in a general way about business, but Margaret was well aware, that when he did not come home until ten o'clock, he had taken tea with the Torr's, and spent the evening with Suneva.

This night she had a very heavy heart. Three times within the past week Peter had been late. Things were evidently coming to a crisis, and she felt the necessity of prompt movement in her own interests. She put the child to sleep and sat down to wait for her father's arrival. About eight o'clock she heard his voice and step, and before she could rise and go with a candle to the door, Peter and Suneva entered together.

There was something in their manner that surprised her; the more so, that Suneva immediately began to take off her cloak, and make herself quite at home. Margaret saw then that she wore a rich silk dress and many gold ornaments, and that her father also wore his Sunday suit. The truth flashed upon her in a moment. There was no need for Peter to say—

"Suneva and I have just been married, Margaret. Suppose thou make us a cup of tea."

At that hour and under such circumstances, nothing could have induced her to obey the request. Never before had she disobeyed her father, and it gave her a shock to do it, but all the same she enjoyed the sensation. Make tea for Suneva! For the woman who had supplanted her in her father's affection, and in all her rights! She felt that she would rather take her child, and walk out with it upon the dark and desolate moor.

But she was slow of speech, and in her anger and amazement she could find no word to interpret her emotion. One long, steady look she gave her father—a look which Peter never forgot—then, haughtily as a discrowned queen, but with a face as white as snow, she left the room. Suneva laughed, but it was not an ill-natured laugh. "It would have been better had we

told her, Peter," she said. "If I had been thy daughter, I should not have liked thee to bring home a wife without a word about it."

"It will be an ill day with Peter Fae when he asks his women what he shall do, or how he shall do it. Yes, indeed!"

Suneva looked queerly at him. She did not speak a word, but her dancing, gleaming eyes said very plainly that such an "ill day" might be coming even for Peter Fae.

Then she set herself to making the tea he had asked for. There were the cakes Margaret had baked, and sweets, and cold meat, and all kinds of spirits at hand; and very soon Margaret heard the pleasant clatter of china, and the hum of subdued but constant conversation, broken at intervals by Suneva's shrill rippling laugh. Margaret made up her mind that hour, that however short or long her stay might be in Suneva's house, she would never again lift a finger in its ordering.

In the morning she remained in her own room until her father had gone to the store. When she went down stairs, she found the servants, her servants, eagerly waiting upon Suneva, who was examining her new possessions. As she entered the room, Suneva turned with a piece of the best china in her hand, and said, "Oh, it is thee! Good morning, Margaret." Then in a moment Margaret's dour, sulky temper dominated her; she looked at Suneva, but answered her not one word.

No two women could have been more unlike each other. Margaret, dressed in a plain black gown, was white and sorrowful. Suneva, in a scarlet merino, had a face and manner bright and busy and thoroughly happy. Margaret's dumb anger did not seem to affect her. She went on with her work, ordering, cleaning, sending one servant here and another there, and took no more notice of the pale, sullen woman on the hearth, than if she had not existed.

However, when Margaret brought the child down stairs, she made an effort at conciliation. "What a beautiful boy!" she exclaimed. "How like poor Jan! What dost thou call him?" And she flipped her fingers, and chirruped to the child, and really longed to take him in her arms and kiss him.

But to Margaret the exclamation gave fresh pain and offence. "What had Suneva to do with Jan? And what right had she to pity him, and to say 'poor Jan!'" So she regarded the words as a fresh offence, and drew her child closer to her, as if she were afraid even it would be taken from her.

It was snowing lightly, and the air was moist with a raw wind from the north-east. Yet Margaret dressed herself and her child to go out. At the door Suneva spoke again. "If thou wants to go abroad, go; but leave the child with me. I will take care of him, and it is damp and cold, as thou seest."

She might as well have spoken to the wind. Margaret

never delayed a moment for the request; and Suneva stood looking after her with a singular gleam of pity and anger in her eyes. There was also a kind of admiration for the tall, handsome woman who in her perfect health and strength bore so easily the burden of her child. She held him firmly on her left arm, and his little hand clasped her neck behind, as with perfect grace she carried him, scarcely conscious of his weight, especially when he nestled his face against her own.

She went directly to her father's store. It was nearly noon when she arrived there, and it was empty. Only Snorro stood beside the great peat fire. He saw Margaret enter, and he placed a chair for her in the warmest corner. Then he said, "Give me little Jan, and I will hold him for thee." She put the boy in his arms and watched him a moment as he shook the snow from his cap and coat; then she said: "Tell my father I want to speak to him."

Peter came somewhat reluctantly. He knew the conversation had to be gone through, but he felt as if Margaret had him at a disadvantage in the store. Snorro was present, and strangers might at any moment come in, and hurry him into an unwise concession. He was angry at Margaret, also, for her behaviour on the previous night, and it was not in any amiable mood he approached her.

"Father, wilt thou have my house put in order for me? I want to go back to it."

"Yes, I will; soon."

"How soon, then?"

"I cannot be hurried. There is no glass left in it, and there are many things to repair besides. It will take time and money, a good deal of money, more than I can well afford at present. I have had many expenses lately."

"Dost thou then mean that I must live with Suneva? No, I will not do that. I will go into the house without windows. Snorro will patch up the best ones, and board up the others."

"Snorro! Snorro, indeed! When was Snorro thy servant? As for Suneva, she is as good as thou art. Am I made of money to keep two houses going?"

"I will not ask thee for a penny."

"Thou wilt make a martyr of thyself, and set the town talking of me and of Suneva. No, thou shalt not do such a thing. Go home and behave thyself, and no one will say wrong to thee."

"I will not live with Suneva. If thou wilt not make a house habitable for me, then I will hire a man to do it."

"Thou wilt not dare. When it seems right to me, I will do it. Wait thou my time."

"I cannot wait. So then I will hire John Hay's empty cottage. It will do, poor as it is."

"If thou dost, I will never speak to thee nor to thine again. I will not give thee nor thy child a shilling, whether I be living or dead."

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" And Margaret wrung her hands helplessly, and burst into passionate weeping.

"Do? Go home, and be thankful for thy home. What would thou do in a Shetland hut, alone, at the beginning of winter? And I will not have thee come crying here. Mind that! Take thy child and go home; go at once."

"Thou might have told me! Thou might! It was a cruel thing to take me unawares; at a moment—"

"And if I had told thee, what then? Tears and complaints, and endless wants. I had no mind to be tormented as thou tormented thy husband."

That was a needlessly cruel taunt, and Peter was ashamed of it as soon as uttered. But all the same he turned away in anger, and two men coming in at the moment, he went with them to the other end of the store.

Snorro had held "little Jan" during the interview. The fresh air and the heat had overpowered the child, and he had fallen asleep. He lay in Snorro's arms, a beautiful, innocent miniature of the man he loved so dearly. Watching the sleeping face, he had seemed unconscious of what passed between Peter and his daughter, but in reality he had heard every word. When Peter turned away he watched Margaret put on her baby's cap and coat, and then as she rose with it folded in her arms, he said, "Let me see him again."

"Kiss him, Snorro, for thou loved his father."

He stooped down and kissed the boy, and then glanced into Margaret's face. Her tears, her pallor, her air of hopeless suffering went straight to his heart. After all she was Jan's wife. He felt a great pity for her, and perhaps Margaret divined it, for she said timidly, "Snorro, can thou mend the windows in the old house—the house where I lived with Jan?"

"Yes, I can."

"Wilt thou ask my father if thou may do it?"

"I will do it. Have thou patience, Margaret Vedder. It would be a sin if thou made the child suffer."

"Dost thou think I would? Little does thou know of a mother's heart."

"Snorro!"

It was Peter calling, and calling angrily; but ere Snorro answered the summons he went with Margaret to the door, and as he opened it, said, "If I can help thee, for Jan's sake I am on thy side."

Very hard and bitter cold was the walk homeward. The snow fell thick and fast, and she was tired and faint when she reached the house. Never had its warmth and comfort seemed

so good to her. How could she feel kindly to the woman who had robbed her and her child of their right in it? A very long and severe snow-storm followed Margaret's useless effort. She had perforce to sit still, and for "little Jan's" sake be grateful for the warmth and shelter given her.

"Little Jan" Snorro had unconsciously named the child. At first "Peter" had been thought of; but Peter Fae had not taken kindly to a Peter Vedder, and the name after a few half-hearted utterances had been dropped. But Snorro's tender, positive "little Jan" had settled the matter in Margaret's mind. Henceforward the boy was to be called by his father's name, and she cared not whether it were liked or not.

To Margaret the winter passed drearily away. She refused to have any part in Suneva's hospitalities, though the "Fae House" became during it as famous for its gayety as it had been in Thora's time for its quiet and seclusion. Suneva was proud of her large rooms and fine furniture, and to exhibit them. Besides which, she was in her element as hostess of the cozy tea-party or the merry dance.

Fortunately for her peaceful success, Peter discovered that he had the same taste, and he became quite as proud of his name as a generous and splendid host, as he was of his character as a keen and successful trader. It was Suneva's great pride that she had induced him to wear the fine cloth and velvet and linen suitable to his wealth. Under her influence Peter renewed his youth and enjoyed it. Margaret often heard them planning some entertainment, and laughing over it, with all the zest of twenty years.

To her, their whole life seemed an outrage. She could not imagine how her father could bear to put aside so completely his old habits and memories. It wounded her to see him going off with a joke and a kiss to the store in the morning; and hurrying back at night, as eager as a boy-bridegroom for the company of his handsome wife and her gay friends. It may easily be understood that even if Margaret had countenanced Suneva's festivities by her presence at them, she would have been only a silent and a reproachful guest.

It is but fair to say that Suneva gave to her absence the best and kindest excuse. "Poor Margaret!" she said pitifully, "she weeps constantly for her husband. Few wives are as faithful."

Suneva had indeed taken Thora's place with full determination to be just and kind to Thora's daughter. She intended, now that fortune had placed her above her old rival, to treat her with respect and consideration. Suneva was capable of great generousities, and if Margaret had had the prudence and forbearance to accept the peace offered, she might have won whatever she desired through the influence of her child, for whom Suneva conceived a very strong attachment.

But this was just the point which Margaret defended with an almost insane jealousy. She saw that little Jan clung to Suneva, that he liked to be with her, that he often cried in the solitude of her room to go down stairs, where he knew he would have sweetmeats, and petting, and company, and his own way. If ever she was cross to the boy, it was on this subject. She would not even be bribed by Suneva's most diplomatic services in his behalf. "Let Jan come where his grandfather is, Margaret," she pleaded. "It will be for his good; I tell thee it will. I have already persuaded him that the boy has his eyes, and his figure, and when he was in a passion the other night, and thy father was like to be cross with him, I said, 'It is a nice thing to see Satan correcting sin, for the child has thy own quick temper, Peter,' and thy father laughed and pulled little Jan to his side, and gave him the lump of sugar he wanted."

"The boy is all thou hast left me. Would thou take him also?" Margaret answered with angry eyes. "His mother's company is good enough for him."

So all winter the hardly-admitted strife went on. Suneva pitied the child. She waylaid him and gave him sweetmeats and kisses. She imagined that he daily grew more pale and quiet. And Margaret, suspicious and watchful, discovered much, and imagined more. She was determined to go away from Suneva as soon as the spring opened, but she had come to the conclusion that she must look after her house herself, for though Snorro had promised to make it habitable, evidently he had been unable to do so, or he would have contrived to let her know.

One day in the latter part of April, all nature suddenly seemed to awake. The winter was nearly over. Margaret put on her cloak and bonnet, and went to see how far Snorro had been able to keep his word. Things were much better than she had hoped for. Nearly all of the windows had been reglazed, the gate was hung, and the accumulated drift of two years in the yard cleared away.

With lighter spirits and a firm determination in her heart, she walked swiftly back to her child. When she entered the door she heard his merry laugh in Suneva's parlor. He was standing on her knee, singing after her some lines of a fisherman's "Casting Song," swaying backwards and forwards, first on one foot and then on the other, to the melody. Suneva was so interested in the boy, that for the moment, she did not notice the pale, angry woman approaching her. When she did, her first thought was conciliation. "I heard him crying, Margaret; and as I knew thou wert out, I went for him. He is a merry little fellow, he hath kept me laughing."

"Come here, Jan!" In her anger she grasped the child's arm roughly, and he cried out and clung to Suneva.

Then Margaret's temper mastered her as it had never done before in her life. She struck the child over and over again, and, amid its cries of pain and fright, she said some words to Suneva full of bitterness and contempt.

"Thee love thy child!" cried Suneva in a passion, "not thou, indeed! Thou loves no earthly thing but thyself. Every day the poor baby suffers for thy bad temper—even as his father did."

"Speak thou not of his father—thou, who first tempted him away from his home and his wife."

"When thou says such a thing as that, then thou lies; I tempted him not. I was sorry for him, as was every man and woman in Lerwick. Poor Jan Vedder!"

"I told thee not to speak of my husband."

"Thy husband!" cried Suneva scornfully. "Where is he? Thou may well turn pale. Good for thee is it that the Troll Rock hasn't a tongue! Thou cruel woman! I wonder at myself that I have borne with thee so long. Thou ought to be made to tell what thou did with Jan Vedder!"

"What art thou saying? What dost thou mean? I will not listen to thee"—and she lifted the weeping child in her arms and turned to go.

"But at last thou shalt listen. I have spared thee long enough. Where is Jan Vedder? Thou knows and thou only; and that is what every one says of thee. Is he at the bottom of the Troll Rock? And who pushed him over? Answer that, Margaret Vedder!"

Suneva, in her passion, almost shrieked out these inquiries. Her anger was so violent, that it silenced her opponent. But no words could have interpreted the horror and anguish in Margaret's face, when she realized the meaning of Suneva's questions. The sudden storm ended in the lull which follows recrimination. Suneva sat fuming and muttering to herself; Margaret, in her room, paced up and down, the very image of despairing shame and sorrow. When her father returned she knew Suneva would tell him all that had transpired. To face them both was a trial beyond her strength. She looked at her child softly sobbing on the bed beside her, and her heart melted at the injustice she had done him. But she felt that she must take him away from Suneva, or he would be stolen from her; worse than stolen, he would be made to regard her as a terror and a tyrant.

She heard the clatter of the tea-cups and the hum of conversation, and knew that her father was at home. As soon as he had finished his tea, she would probably be summoned to his presence. It had grown dark and a rain-storm was coming;

nevertheless she dressed herself and Jan, and quietly went out of the house. Peter and Suneva were discussing the quarrel over their tea; the servants sat spinning by the kitchen fire, doing the same. She only glanced at them, and then she hastened toward the town as fast as she could.

Snorro was sitting at the store-fire, a little pot of tea, a barley cake, and a broiled herring by his side. He was thinking of Jan, and lo! a knock at the door—just such a knock as Jan always gave. His heart bounded with hope; before he thought of possibilities he opened it. Not Jan, but Jan's wife and child, and both of them weeping. He said not a word, but he took Margaret's hand and led her to the fire. Her cloak and hood were dripping with the rain, and he removed and shook them. Then he lifted the child in his arms and gave him some tea, and soon soothed his trouble and dried his tears.

Margaret sobbed and wept with a passion that alarmed him. He had thought at first that he would not interfere, but his tender heart could not long endure such evident distress without an effort to give comfort.

"What is the matter with thee, Margaret Vedder? and why art thou and thy child here?"

"We have nowhere else to go to-night, Snorro." Then Margaret told him everything.

He listened in silence, making no comments, asking no questions, until she finished in another burst of anguish, as she told him of Suneva's accusation. Then he said gravely: "It is a shame. Drink this cup of tea, and then we will go to the minister. He only can guide the boat in this storm."

"I cannot go there, Snorro. I have been almost rude and indifferent to him. Three times he has written to me concerning my duty; many times he has talked to me about it. Now he will say, 'Thou hast reaped the harvest thou sowed, Margaret Vedder.'"

"He will say no unkind word to thee. I tell thee thou must go. There is none else that can help thee. Go for little Jan's sake. Wrap the boy up warm. Come."

She was weeping and weary, but Snorro took her to the manse, carrying little Jan under his own coat. Margaret shrank from an interview with Dr. Balloch, but she had no need. He was not a man to bruise the broken reed; no sooner did he cast his eyes upon the forlorn woman than he understood something of the crisis that had brought her to him for advice and protection.

He took them into his cheerful parlour, and sent their wet clothing to the kitchen to be dried. Then he said: "Snorro, now thou go and help Hamish to make us a good supper. And light a fire, Snorro, in the room up stairs; for Margaret and her son will have to sleep there."

There were no reproofs now on the good doctor's lips. First of all, he made her eat, and dry and warm herself; then he drew from her the story of her grief and wrongs.

"Thou must have thy home, Margaret, that is evident," he said; "and as for Suneva, I will see to her in the morning. Thou art innocent of thy husband's death, I will make her to know that. Now there is a room ready for thee, and thou must stay here until this matter is settled for thee."

It seemed a very haven of rest for Margaret. She went to it gratefully, and very soon fell into that deep slumber which in youth follows great emotions. When she awoke the fire had been rebuilt, and little Jan's bread and milk stood beside it. It was a dark and dripping morning; the rain smote the windows in sudden gusts, and the wind wailed drearily around the house. But in spite of the depressing outside influences, her heart was lighter than it had been for many a day. She felt as those feel "who have escaped;" and she dressed and fed her child with a grateful heart.

When she went down stairs she found that, early as it was, the doctor had gone to her father's house; and she understood that this visit was made in order to see him where conversation would not be interrupted by the entrance of buyers and sellers.

Dr. Balloch found Peter sitting at breakfast with Suneva, in his usual cheerful, self-complacent mood. In fact, he knew nothing of Margaret's flight from his house. She rarely left her boy to join the tea-table; she never appeared at the early breakfast. Her absence was satisfactory to both parties, and had long ceased to call forth either protest or remark. So neither of them were aware of the step she had taken, and the minister's early visit did not connect itself with her, until he said gravely to Peter, "Dost thou know where thy daughter is?"

"She hath not left her room yet," answered Suneva; "she sleeps late for her child's sake."

"She hath left thy house, Peter. Last night I gave her and her child shelter from the storm."

Peter rose in a great passion: "Then she can stay away from my house. Here she comes back no more."

"I think that, too. It is better she should not come back. But now thou must see that her own home is got ready for her, and that quickly."

"What home?"

"The house thou gave her at her marriage."

"I gave her no house. She had the use of it. The title deed never left my hands."

"Then more shame to thee. Did thou not boast to every one that thou had given the house and the plenishing? No title deeds,

no lawyer's paper, can make the house more Margaret Vedder's than thy words have done. Thou wilt not dare to break thy promise, thou, who ate the Bread of Remembrance only last Sabbath Day. Begin this very hour to put the house in order, and then put the written right to it in her hands. Any hour thou may be called to give an account; leave the matter beyond disputing."

"It will take a week to glaze and clean it."

"It is glazed and cleaned. Michael Snorro brought the sashes to the store and glazed them, when he had done his work at night. Begin thou at once to remove back the furniture. It never ought to have been removed, and I told thee that at the time. Thou knowest also what promises thou made me, and I will see that thou keep every one of them, Peter Fae. Yes, indeed, I will!"

"It is too wet to move furniture."

"The rain will be over at the noon. Until then thy men can carry peats and groceries, and such store of dried meats as will be necessary."

"Peter," said Suneva indignantly, "I counsel thee to do nothing in a hurry."

Dr. Balloch answered her, "I counsel thee, Mistress Fae, to keep well the door of thy mouth. It is no light thing to make the charges thou hast made against an innocent woman. And Peter Fae there is duty to be done, and I know that thou wilt do it. And I am in haste about it, for it is not easy for Hamish to have a woman and child at the manse. Hamish has failed much lately.

"Send the woman with her child here."

"No, for it is easier to avoid quarrels than to mend them. Margaret shall stay at the manse until her own house is ready."

So they went away together, leaving Suneva crying with anger; partly because of the minister's lecture; partly because she thought Peter had not "stood up for her" as he ought to have done. As for Peter, though he did not think of disobeying the order given him, yet he resented the interference; and he was intensely angry at Margaret for having caused it. When he arrived at the store, he was made more so by Snorro's attitude. He sat upon a sailor's chest with his hands folded before him, though the nets were to be examined and a score of things to get for the fishers.

"Can thou find nothing for thy lazy hands to do?" he asked scornfully, "or are they weary of the work thou hast been doing at night?"

"My mind is not to lift a finger for thee again, Peter Fae; and as for what I do at night, that is my own affair. I robbed thee not, neither of time nor gear."

"From whence came the glass, and the nails, and the wood, and the hinges?"

"I bought them with my own money. If thou pays me the outlay it will be only just. The work I gave freely to the wife of Jan Vedder."

"Then since thou hast mended the house, thou may carry back the furniture into it."

"I will do that freely also. Thou never ought to have counselled its removal; for that reason I blame thee for all that followed it." Snorro then hailed a passing fisherman, and they lifted his chest in order to go away.

"What art thou taking?"

"My own clothes, and my own books, and whatever is my own. Nothing of thine."

"But why?"

"For that I will come no more here."

"Yes, thou wilt."

"I will come no more."

Peter was much troubled. Angry as he was, grief at Snorro's defection was deeper than any other feeling. For nearly twenty years he had relied on him. Besides the inconvenience to business, the loss of faith was bitter. But he said no more at that time. When Margaret was in her home, Snorro would be easier to manage. More as a conciliatory measure with him, than as kindness to his offending daughter, he said, "First of all, however, take a load of tea, and sugar and flour, and such things as will be needed; thou knowest them. Take what thou wishes, and all thou wishes; then thou canst not say evil of me."

"When did I say evil of thee, only to thy face? Michael Snorro hath but one tongue. It knows not how to slander or to lie. Pay me my wages, and I will go, and speak to thee no more."

"Do what I said and come back to me in three days; then we will settle this trouble between us;" saying which, Peter went into his counting house, and Snorro went to work with all his will and strength to get Margaret's house ready for her.

But though he hired three men to help him, it was the evening of the second day before she could remove to it. It was a different home-coming from her previous one in that dwelling. Then all had been in exquisitely spotless order, and Jan had turned and kissed her at the open door. This night everything was in confusion. Snorro had carried all her belongings into the house, but they were unpacked and unarranged. Still he had done a great deal. A large fire was burning, the kettle boiling on the hearth, and on the little round table before it he had put bread and milk and such things as would be necessary

for a first meal. Then, with an innate delicacy he had gone away, fully understanding that at the first Margaret would wish to be quite alone.

She stood a minute and looked around. Then she opened the box in which her china and silver were packed. In half an hour the tea-table was spread. She even made a kind of festival of the occasion by giving little Jan the preserved fruit he loved with his bread. It seemed to her as if food had never tasted so good before. She was again at her own table ; at her own fireside ! Her own roof covered her ! There was no one to gloom at her or make her feel uncomfortable. Work, poverty, all things, now seemed possible and bearable.

When Jan had chattered himself weary she laid him in his cot, and sat hour after hour in the dim light of the glowing peats, thinking, planning, praying, whispering Jan's name to her heart, feeling almost as if she were in his presence. When at length she rose and turned the key in her own house again, she was as proud and as happy as a queen who has just come into her kingdom, and who lifts for the first time the sceptre of her authority.

BE GLAD.

BY LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

GATHER with grateful heart
The small joys on thy way,
Wait not for some great good,
Thou may'st have but to-day.

Smile as the sunbeam smiles,
Sing with the wood-bird wild ;—
Let not thy presence still
The laughter of a child.

Joy in another's joy,
Some heavier heart beguile,—
That some small corner of the world,
Be brighter for thy smile.

So shalt thou add thy note
To nature's gladsome chime ;
Her song of praise rings joyously,
Keep thou thy heart in time.

Thou wilt not pray the worse,
Because with harmless glee,
Thou weavest in the web of life
Bright threads that fall to thee.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BARRASS, M.A.

During the twelve years that I have been Canadian correspondent of the official organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which is published at Nashville, Tenn., I had often wished to visit our brethren in the sunny South, for my reading of their *Christian Advocates and Quarterly Review* had caused me to feel a deep interest in their progress as a part of the great Methodist family. Circumstances did not enable me to carry out my wishes until this year, when I attended the General Conference at Richmond. This city is one of more than ordinary interest. It is one of the oldest cities in America, and was a place of celebrity in Colonial times. Relics of those days abound.

The Capitol was erected more than one hundred years ago. It is a plain rectangular building, the beams of which were all hewn by the axe, as there were no saw-mills in those days, and the bricks were brought from England. The Capitol Square also contains the Governor's mansion, Stonewall Jackson's monument, and Washington's monument, which is one of the finest in the world. In other parts of the city are the old stone house which was Washington's headquarters; Libby prison, now a refinery, and the old slave house, the scene of so many broken hearts in the days of slavery.

I took the Pennsylvania Railway from Niagara Falls by way of Rochester and Canandaigua, and tarried at Baltimore and Washington one day each. At the former I was pleased to find the famous revivalists, Sam Jones and his colleague, carrying on evangelistic services. I attended three of their services, with all of which I was more than pleased. At Washington I renewed acquaintance with Dr.

Newman, to whom I was indebted for many courtesies. At the railway station, the spot is marked by a star on which President Garfield was standing when he was shot by the miscreant Guiteau.

As the train proceeded to Richmond, Fredericksburgh was seen, which was one of the battle-fields during the civil war. A gentleman sat near me who was present on that occasion, and pointed out the positions occupied by the various corps, and when we saw the house in which Stonewall Jackson died soon after he was carried from the field, his eyes were filled with tears. "Jackson, sir," said he, "was a grand man."

Methodism was planted in Virginia at an early date, by a model missionary, Robert Williams, whose grave is unknown. Bishop Asbury was a frequent visitor to old Virginia and witnessed extensive revivals during his sojourn. About seventy years ago the pioneer Bishop preached his last sermon at Richmond. He was then very feeble, and had to be carried to the pulpit, where he sat on a chair and told the people the way of salvation. The names of Jesse Lee, who introduced Methodism into New England, and William McKendree, the associate Bishop with Asbury, will ever be conspicuous in the annals of Methodism in Virginia.

Prior to 1844, the Methodist Episcopal Church extended over the whole of the United States, but owing to the fact that Bishop Andrew had become a slave owner by marriage, a large number of the delegates of the said Conference were of opinion that he should not exercise the functions of Bishop until the disability should cease. This led to a separation, and henceforth those portions of the Church south

of what was known as Mason and Dixon's line were placed under the care of the Church South, and in 1846 the first General Conference of the new organization was held. Bishop Soule, though a Northern man, and a native of Maine, went with the Southern division, and he and Bishop Andrew were the only members of the Episcopacy that did so.

There are now in the Methodist Church South 990,994 members, 4,406 ministers, and 5,943 local preachers. During the past quadrennium, the accessions to all these have been larger than during any former similar period, being a clear gain of 130,277 members.

The Sabbath-schools number 10,569, with 73,006 teachers, and 558,205 scholars. This is a gain for four years of 1,259 schools, 10,564 teachers, and 95,884 scholars. The circulation of the Sabbath-school periodicals is over 2,000,000.

The Publishing House has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the General Conference of 1878. More than \$250,000 liabilities has been discharged, and the amount of indebtedness is now only \$80,000. Several standard books have been published and better facilities for doing the business of the House have been secured.

Missions.—Domestic missions are established in all the forty Conferences of the Church. The foreign missions are in China, Mexico, and Brazil. There is also an Indian Mission Conference. In this mission there are six academies of high grade for the education specially of Indian children. The missionary income during the past four years has more than doubled. The Woman's Missionary Board has also been a powerful agency in mission work. It is expected that the income for the present current year will be \$230,000, to which must be added the sums raised for domestic missions and for church extension, which will make a grand total of not less than \$785,000.

Institutions of Learning.—There are several of these within the bounds of the Church. Vanderbilt

University, however, surpasses all others. It is situated at Nashville, Tenn., and is worth more than \$600,000, with an endowment fund of \$900,000. The teaching staff numbers over fifty professors and teachers, and it has nearly 600 students.

During the last quadrennium the centennial of the Methodist Episcopal Church has been celebrated. The Board asked for a thank-offering of \$2,000,000. More than this amount was raised, including what was contributed for local purposes.

This Church has always taken deep interest in the coloured people, and soon after the war, when the coloured M. E. Church was organized with 26,000 members, the bishops of the M. E. Church South ordained the bishops of the coloured Church, and the Church donated a large amount of property to them. There are at least four bodies of coloured Methodists in the United States, numbering about 1,000,000. As there are no essential differences dividing them it would be a grand point gained to bring them together in one organization.

The Personnel of the General Conference.—The bishops, five in number, are the only ex-officio members, but they merely preside on successive days, and rule in questions of law. They are an able body of men, very prompt in their decisions, but always courteous to the humblest member in the body. They never manifest the least sensitiveness when their decisions are appealed from, but immediately call out, "Shall the decision of the chair be maintained? If so, say 'Aye,' if not, say 'No.'" As soon as the response is made, the chair announces what it is and the business proceeds.

There are only three survivors of the General Conference of 1844. Dr. J. B. McFerrin is one. He has been called "The Old War Horse," and has been more than sixty years in the ministry and has filled every office of the Church except that of bishop. He has attended every General Conference, beginning with that of 1836. He is a grand old man,

and though somewhat infirm he can still preach with force and debate with much of his youthful ardour. There are comparatively few young men among the ministerial delegates. Presidents of educational institutions, editors, and missionary agents are rather numerous. There is one very conspicuous brother, a Mexican, who cannot speak a single word in English. He is one of the thirty-five native preachers in the Mexican Border Conference. His eyes, straight hair, and long beard are jet black, and his face is swarthy in colour.

The lay members are a respectable body of men. Among them are governors of States, judges, lawyers, medical men, and members of Congress. It is amazing how many of the delegates were soldiers in the time of the civil war. Some are present who were conspicuous in the battle-fields around Richmond. There are colonels and captains almost without number. They have fought their battles over again, as they have revisited the scenes of their former conflicts, in which so many of their brave comrades fell. The sleeveless arm, the crutch, the wooden leg, and other marks of war which are seen, tell with what devotion these men fought for country and home.

Fraternal Delegates.—The Rev. Dr. Miley was the fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Dr. Briggs from our own Church. The Conference-room was crowded to its utmost capacity when these honoured brethren were introduced by Dr. McTyeire, the senior Bishop. Bro. Briggs spoke first, and for little more than half an hour he told such a tale of Canadian Methodism as filled everybody with surprise and wonder, while the chaste, beautiful language used charmed and pleased, so that again and again our beloved brother was greeted with true Southern enthusiasm. When Dr. Briggs resumed his seat, Dr. Fitzgerald whispered to the present writer "superb," and next day he described the speech in the official paper as "clear cut as a cameo, and

juicy as an orange from Central America." Dr. Haygood, who is no mean authority, said that he had never listened to such an array of facts and figures, covering such a space of ground, all made luminous, in the space of half a hour.

Dr. Miley's address was one of rare solidity. He is not prepossessing in appearance, there is a seeming harshness in his voice, but his utterances were of the true fraternal ring. He spoke largely on the doctrines of Methodism, and gave it as his opinion that Methodism owes much of its success to the clearness and force with which the fathers preached them, and expressed a hope that we might have an increase of doctrinal preaching, to which many responded "Amen."

General Fisk was the next speaker. He made a playful allusion to his attempt to reach Richmond twenty-five years ago, but he only got half way from Washington, when he was glad to retreat, as the place where he stood was too hot for him. He alluded to the General Conference of 1866, which he and some others from the North attended, and as he reviewed the occurrences which had since taken place, he felt glad at what he saw around him. The General's speech greatly delighted the audience, and from the cordial responses which were given it was manifest that the heart of Methodism is true both North and South.

There were loud calls for Dr. McFerrin, but he was so much overcome with emotion that he could only utter a few words; but whenever he speaks, no matter whether he says little or much, everybody is delighted. He is beloved, as he deserves to be, for his saintliness and zeal.

Bishop McTyeire responded in a brief speech, and assured the representatives that fraternal messengers would be sent to their respective General Conferences. Bishop McTyeire has not forgotten his visit to Canada four years ago. He pronounced Methodism in Canada as the best type which he has seen in any part of the world. The fraternal meeting will long be remembered.

Legislation.—The number of memorials, resolutions, etc., on almost every conceivable subject, were "legion." These were referred to the respective committees, and by-and-by were reported, but it was truly astonishing how frequently with the word "non-concurrence," a clear indication that the conservative element is largely in the ascendancy.

The bishops in their quadrennial address recommended that three new bishops should be elected. The committee recommended that the number should be four. Some in the Conference wanted five, and a motion to elect this number was introduced. Then the discussion began in good earnest. Some strong men took part in the contest, which was very animating and would have continued much longer but that the call was made for "the previous question," and immediately the vote was taken, and the recommendation of the committee was adopted, and on motion a day was appointed for the election to take place. The following honoured brethren were elevated to the highest position in the gift of their Church: Professor Duncan, Wofford College; Dr. Galloway, Editor of New Orleans *Christian Advocate*; Dr. Hendrie, President of Central College, Miss., and Dr. Key, Presiding Elder. All good men, though only one of them is at present engaged in the pastorate.

Our space will not allow us to detail minutely the various subjects which were discussed in Conference. The appointment of an evangelist in each Annual Conference was urged, but the request was negatived. The discussion on the mode of conducting public worship was spirited, but the request for a change was not complied with. In future, expenses of delegates to General Conferences are not to be paid by their respective Annual Conferences, but by a *pro-rata* system on all the Conferences, and \$30 to be allowed each delegate for board while at Conference. The expenses of the present Conference are nearly \$23,000.

One subject was discussed in

which I felt great interest, viz., the union of effort in foreign missions so as to save both men and money. The committee to whom the question had been referred recommended no action, but it was plain that there was a great number in the Conference to whom the recommendation would not be acceptable. Hence an amendment was proposed for a committee to confer with a similar committee of the M. E. Church to consider this important question. Some earnest, eloquent speeches were delivered both for and against the amendment. Bishop Keener made a speech in opposition. All the speeches breathed a fine Christian spirit. The vote was at length taken, which resulted in the amendment being lost and the committee's report adopted by a majority of twenty-nine. The union spirit, however, will not by any means be extinguished. If the writer is not mistaken, there will come a time when the United States will comprise three General Conferences, and one Federal Conference, representing the whole, to meet once in five or six years.

The services held in connection with the ordination of the bishops was very impressive. There was a good deal of old Methodist fire. Bishop McTyeire preached a plain practical sermon on Jeremiah iii. 15. The bishops elected were presented by two friends each, and were set apart by the imposition of hands.

Having to catch the train, I was obliged to leave after the first bishop had been ordained. I felt sorry to part with so many whose kindness for two weeks had been most exuberant. The Methodists in the South are a noble people and retain a great deal of old Methodist fervour. May the God of our fathers increase them more and more. I have given but a feeble utterance to the feelings of my heart in this paper. Knowing that space is valuable I have been necessitated to restrain my pen. God bless the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and let all our readers say Amen.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

MAY MEETINGS.

So great is the number of anniversary meetings held in London, that not only every day in May is thus occupied, but also a considerable portion both of April and June are required for this purpose. On several days so many meetings are held that it is difficult to decide which to omit. Exeter Hall is usually crowded at those grand festival gatherings.

The anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was not so numerous attended as on some former years. The income was not equal to the expenditure by more than \$23,000. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, one of the Missionary Secretaries, appealed for an annual increase of income of at least \$50,000. Returned missionaries from China and India gave cheering accounts of the progress of the Gospel in those countries. One of the sermons was preached by the Rev. C. A. Spurgeon, and was equal if not superior to any of the previous efforts of that distinguished minister.

The report of the Religious Tract Society contains many facts of more than ordinary interest. The total receipts exceed \$1,055,495, being an increase of \$22,000. The publications of the Society have been printed in 177 languages, and since its origin the total issue of books, tracts, etc., has been 66,884,100. More than 26,000,000 were tracts.

Sir William McArthur has intimated that if the trustees of Belfast College will provide the site, he will at his own expense erect a hall for the education of the daughters of ministers, and other ladies who may wish to avail themselves of the advantages of collegiate education.

It will require the building of ten new chapels yearly, at a cost of \$250,000, if Methodism keeps pace with the mere increase of the population of London.

Great attention is being paid by all branches of Methodism in England to Holiness Conventions, some of which have been held at London, Liverpool and other important centres, the reports of which are very gratifying. If there can be a revival of holiness every other interest will be sure to flourish.

Some of the ministers and laymen of the Methodist New Connexion denomination have been making arrangements for the publication of a weekly or monthly journal to be called *The Methodist Evangelist*. The special object will be to stir up the revival and aggressive spirit in the denomination.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

There is to be yet another Methodist University in the States. The Rev. Allen Bartley has conveyed real estate valued at \$200,000 to build and endow "Mallalieu University," to be located in the town of Bartley, Nebraska.

Within two years twenty Methodist missions have been planted in Chicago, eleven mission churches have been erected at a cost, including lots, of \$58,000, and \$18,000 has been paid to support pastors and Sunday-schools in those missions.

Recently twenty missionaries sailed from New York for Africa. They gathered with their friends on the deck of the steamer and sang old Methodist hymns. As the steamer pulled out into the stream the friends of the missionaries collected at the end of the pier and sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee." By this time the noble men and women will have reached Africa, where they are to labour under the direction of Bishop William Taylor.

Recently in St. Paul's Church, New York, three Methodist Conferences held a reunion, when 750 ministers were present and represented

138,135 members. In 1773 there were only ten Methodist ministers "in the colonies." Thomas Rankin, the minister then stationed in New York, was only allowed to remain in the city four months. From this small beginning there are now 11,000 preachers who are preaching from 40,000 to 50,000 sermons a week.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

While these notes are being prepared the Montreal Conference is in session. Next month we hope to give notices of all the Conferences.

A delightful service was recently held at Spring Hill Mines by the Rev. E. E. England, which consisted of a reopening of a church, a baptismal, reception, and sacramental service; 130 persons were received into Church fellowship.

Carlton Street Church, Toronto, which has been greatly enlarged and beautified, was recently reopened, when the Rev. Dr. Pentecost, Dr. Newman, and Dr. Briggs preached soul-stirring sermons. The two former gentlemen also delivered lectures which were highly commended.

The Methodists in Newfoundland are to be congratulated on having laid the foundation of their college under such favourable auspices. His Excellency, Sir G. W. De Voux, the newly-appointed Governor of the Colony, performed the ceremony, and in so doing pronounced a well-deserved eulogium on the Methodists of Fiji, from which colony he had been recently transferred to Newfoundland. Laying the foundation of the new college was His Excellency's first public act in Britain's oldest colony.

THE DEATH ROLL.

In the obituary of the Rev. John Douse, published in our last, instead of the Rev. George M. Brown, please read Rev. George Brown.

Rev. Thomas Crompton, of Barrie, died at Hamilton, April 24th, where he was spending a few days with his son-in-law. He was suddenly called to his eternal home, though for some

years physical infirmities compelled him to retire from the active work, but he performed a great amount of ministerial labour. Bro. Crompton was a native of Lancashire, England, where he united with the Primitive Methodists, and was called into the ministry in 1835. After spending about twenty years in circuit work in Yorkshire, he came to Canada in 1854, and was first stationed in Kingston. For five years he was Editor of the Connexional organ, and for some years several probationers for the ministry were under his care. Bro. Crompton was a man of extensive acquirements, and was well read, especially in Methodist theology. He was a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and was a man of strong convictions and force of character. He died in great peace, surrounded by his family, in the 69th year of his age.

The Rev. Elias Williams, another superannuated minister, entered into rest, at Brantford, May 22nd. He preached in the forenoon of the preceding Sabbath, and in the evening assisted his beloved pastor, the Rev. J. C. Antliff, M.A., in the administration of the Lord's Supper. On the day following he was taken ill, and shortly afterwards departed this life. He entered the itinerancy in 1844 with the Methodist New Connexion Church, but sustained a superannuated relation for twelve years.

The small heroic body of Methodists in France has been called to suffer the death of one of its ministers, the Rev. Jean Paul Cook, who was regarded as the founder of Methodism in France. The deceased gentleman was an indefatigable labourer in Sunday-schools, and was greatly beloved as an earnest minister of Christ. He was President of the French Conference. It is a remarkable coincidence, that like his beloved brother the Rev. Emile Cook, he died during the year of his presidency. Thus they both left the highest honours which their brethren could confer, that they might share the honours of heaven.

Rev. R. Lochhead, a superannu-

ated minister in Manitoba, has finished his course and entered his eternal reward. He might be said to have died in the harness, for on April 11th he preached in the Presbyterian church at Rolling River, and died as he was returning home. Our departed brother commenced his itinerant career at Matilda, in 1843, and did good service for the Master until 1859, when failing health compelled him to ask for a superannuated relation. In 1870 he re-entered the active work and for eight years he took his place in the effective ranks, when he was again laid aside from active duties, but he laboured at every opportunity according as his health would allow. The last few years of his life were spent in Manitoba.

ITEMS.

The Upper Canada Bible and Tract Society have taken possession of their new premises in Toronto. The structure is an honour to the city and creditable to the friends of the two societies.

The Young Men's Christian Association in Toronto have in course of erection a suite of rooms more eligibly situated, and more commodious than their present rooms. All lovers of young men should aid this important undertaking.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Association of Toronto has made itself felt. It is one of the most useful of the social institutions of the times. They have a boarding-house for women who are out of situations. In three years, no less than 4,286 persons have been inmates of the house, which has not incurred any debt. The association sustains the Prison-Gate Mission, and visits the Mercer Reformatory. During the year the mission had 290 adults and 70 children under its care. The amount of good done is incalculable. Mayor Howland takes great interest in the workings of this Association, the members of which were among his most staunch supporters at the time of his election.

D. L. Moody is planning for a training school in Chicago where

men and women may be trained and educated for practical work among the masses. He hopes that a building will be ready and the school at work before next fall. The purpose is to reach every nationality as far as possible through their own tongue. Nine nationalities are represented in his school at Mount Hermon, and these students are to be trained to work among their own people.

The Japanese Government have arranged to send a number of women to this country to be educated. Japanese women have previously been educated in this country, but Miss Kin Kato will be sent to Salem (Mass.) Normal School at the expense of the Government. She comes to Salem through the influence of Professor E. F. Fennollosa, of the University of Japan, who is a native of Salem. It is the intention after she completes her three years' course to place her at the head of the Normal Schools in her own country. There are over 1,000 members of the Chautauqua Circle in Japan.

A society has been formed in Japan called the "Jesus Opposers," and it is said to be offering vigorous opposition to the spread of Christianity.

A generous Hindoo lady in Calcutta has given \$75,000 to found a hall of residence for native women students of medicine. The Government has contributed the ground for the building. Lady Dufferin takes great interest in the work.

The Rev. F. H. Pickles, Nova Scotia Conference, has formed a "praying band" in his congregation at Kaye Street, Halifax. The band is similar to those formed by Rev. D. Savage, London Conference, and consists of some earnest workers. Cottage prayer-meetings have been established in various parts of the city. Such organizations are calculated to be productive of much good.

Dr. Thoburn, President of the South India Conference at its late session, has been compelled to take a furlough, and on his return to India he hopes to take at least twenty-five more missionaries with him.

Book Notices.

The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion. By JOHN CHARLES DENT., author of "The Last Forty Years," etc. Vol. II., 4to, pp. 382. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson.

In this volume Mr. Dent completes the most full and accurate account that has ever been written of this important episode in our national history. Fascinating as was the interest of his first volume, that of the present volume is still more so. The story possesses greater unity of action and is more dramatic in character. The interest is focused upon the ill-starred attack upon Toronto, although there are stirring chapters on the Navy Island *fiasco*, the Windsor and Prescott invasions and other frontier filibustering adventures. We find that Mackenzie, who in the first volume appears in the light of a patriotic enthusiast for liberty, with no more serious fault than his impetuous rashness, becomes the soured and disappointed revolutionary plotter and political "crank." Some exceedingly unlovely traits of character are developed. It would have been better for his fame had Alderman Powell's pistol not played false when fired point blank at the rebel leader. His subsequent history is one of disaster and humiliation. Mr. Dent gives copious citations of authorities for every statement he makes. Indeed, no pains have been spared in getting at the bottom facts. Every accessible document has been consulted, every accessible survivor of the struggle interviewed. This is the way in which recent history should be written. Mr. Dent's frankness and honesty are conspicuous on every page. Whether we may agree with all his conclusions or not, his work must forever remain a chief repository of the historic facts connected with this revolt.

The memory of Dr. Rolph is

cleared of some sinister imputations which have long obscured his fame. Still he was not a heroic character. He exceeded in canny caution as much as did Mackenzie in rashness. Indeed, the most heroic figures in the whole story are the unfortunate Lount and Matthews, who paid the penalty of their fault with Christian dignity and firmness on the scaffold.

Mr. Dent's book is admirably written. The style is graceful and graphic. The citation of authorities copious and clear. The publisher has done his part well. It is elegantly printed and bound, and is embellished with a good steel portrait of Mackenzie and engravings of the loss of the *Caroline* and other cuts.

Elements Necessary to the Formation of Business Character. By JOHN MACDONALD. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 35 cents.

The counsels of a successful merchant as to the elements of mercantile success cannot fail to be of great value to all who would attain such success. Mr. Macdonald estimates the number of business failures at 97½ per cent., and the number of successful men at only 2½ per cent. But he thinks that the proportion might readily be reversed and the failures reduced to 2½ per cent., while the successes should reach 97½ per cent. To show the means by which this may be accomplished is the purpose of this book. It is freighted with wise counsels, expressed in terse and vigorous language. It is sumptuously printed on heavy paper, with wide margins, and elegantly bound. With characteristic liberality Mr. Macdonald donates all the profits of this book—which is sure to command a very extensive sale—to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund and the Woman's Missionary Society.

The Logic of Introspection, or Method in Mental Science. By the Rev.

J. B. WENTWORTH, D.D. 8vo, pp. 446. Price \$2.50. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: W. Briggs.

Dr. Wentworth has in this book erected a monument of his distinguished ability as a metaphysician. In the first book he reviews the status of psychologic method, and in the second he discusses the proper domain and limitations of the generally accredited inductive method. In the third book he sets forth his views as to the true psychological method—that of introspection.

This is the most masterly section of the book. It will be hard to resist the force of the author's close-linked logic. A concluding book is devoted to the inferences and results from the argument. The superiority of the "consciential" method, as he designates it, are strikingly set forth. It eradicates, our author maintains, the theory of sensationalism and materialism; it serves to correct the employment of physical comparisons and illustrations in mental philosophy and gives it the character of a demonstrative science, and it vindicates the validity and reliability of the rational faculties. These and other results and relations are set forth with conspicuous ability and lucidity.

Studies Supplementary to the Studies in the Forty Days Between our Lord's Resurrection and Ascension.

By A. A. LIPSCOMBE, D.D., LL.D. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Publishing House. Toronto: W. Briggs.

This is a 12mo volume of 300 pages, got up in a respectable manner, reflecting great credit on the establishment whose *imprimatur* it bears. Dr. Lipscombe is highly esteemed in the Methodist Episcopal Church South as a theologian. His *Studies of the Forty Days*, and other publications, contain evidence of his skill as a writer. The works in question are a valuable contribution to the theological writings of the day. The work more particularly

under notice refers altogether to the Acts of the Apostles. The wonders of Pentecost, the scenes in the history of Peter, and the conversion of Saul of Tarsus are vividly described, and the attentive student cannot fail to be greatly interested and much profited by the delineations of the gifted author.

There are in all twenty-nine "Studies" in the volume before us. The style is clear and perspicuous, and the matter truly evangelical and well adapted for usefulness. We wish the volume an extensive circulation.—E. B.

Public School History of England and Canada. By G. MERCER

ADAM and W. J. ROBERTSON, B.A., LL.B. Pp. 200. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Price 35 cents.

This book is a marvel of judicious compression and careful editing. Its preparation has cost more labour than the writing of many a book ten times the size. The outlines of the stirring story of English and Canadian history are given, not in the dry and barren style of most compendiums, but with a clearness, succinctness and vividness that command our admiration. The excellent maps and numerous vignettes by which it is accompanied greatly enhance its value and contribute to its interest. The Hints to Teachers and references to various authorities for further study will be found extremely useful. The authors and publishers have done their work well in giving us such an excellent school history.

The Art Gallery of the English Language. By A. H. MORRISON.

Toronto: Williamson & Co. Pp. 282.

It is a very happy idea to treat our noble English literature as a splendid art gallery, and to discuss in this volume the varied aspects of its artistic expression. This our author has done with great skill and poetic insight. He writes first of architecture in language, from the monolithic Stonehenge of the fabled Ossian, and the rugged Gothic of Carlyle, to

the varied styles of other master builders of lofty rhyme or stately prose. Next he treats the sculptural aspects of many of the *chef d'œuvres* of literature. The chapter on painting in language is one of the happiest of all. It reveals the artist's eye and poet's taste in the writer, who points out the brilliant colouring of a number of the most exquisite pictures in literature. Music in language, especially in poetry, is more easily recognized than its other art expressions. We are charmed with Mr. Morrison's genial criticism and literary enthusiasm. We would like to see his book largely patronized, especially by the teaching profession. It abounds with invaluable hints for making our noble literature a study and delight to young people.

The Six Days of Creation; the Fall; and the Deluge. By J. B. REIMENSNYDER, D.D. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. Price \$1.25.

This is a fresh and vigorous discussion of the old problems concerning God, creation, the world, and man. These have been made the object of the most virulent infidel attacks. They are made also in this book the means or occasion of the most triumphant defence of Christianity against the cavils of infidelity. The author shows, not only how false is the assertion that modern science refutes the Mosaic narrative, but also that it marvellously corroborates these oldest archives of the world's history. It is a book for the times and should be widely read.

Debate on Baptism, Embracing Mode and Subjects, between Elder J. A. HARDING and the Rev. C. S. WILKINSON. 8vo, pp. 406. Toronto: William Briggs.

We are personally not in favour of platform polemics on subjects of Christian faith or practice. But sometimes it may be necessary to stand for the defence of the faith. This seems to have been the case in the debate here reported. The Rev.

T. L. Wilkinson, a minister of the Methodist Church who has made a special study of this subject, was publicly challenged by a champion of Baptist views to a public discussion. We think the latter has come off decidedly second best in the argument. Both disputants had the opportunity of revising their addresses. So this is one of the most exhaustive and able books on this subject, each side being set forth by an able advocate. Where this controversy is agitating the community the book will doubtless be a perfect armoury of weapons for the discussion.

Bible Conquests in Many Lands: Striking Experiences of Distributors and Pioneers. By J. HOLDEN PIKE. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. Price \$1.25. Toronto: S. R. Briggs.

The record of the British and Foreign Bible Society is one of the most marvellous in the world. It has caused the translation of the Word of God into nearly three hundred languages, and its circulation to the extent of over 100,000,000 copies. This book records a few of the results of that circulation where those direct results have become known. We heartily agree with the following remarks of the *Record* about this book:—"A most valuable repository of anecdote for the Sunday-school teacher or public speaker on religious subjects. It is a rich storehouse of illustration. The anecdotes are arranged in chapters with headings, such as 'The Bible and Romanism,' 'Bible Distributors,' 'Incidents and Adventures.' Besides the classification, the volume contains a capital index and a useful introduction."

Hidden Depths; A Story of Cruel Wrong. By F. M. F. SKENE. With an Introduction by W. SHEPHERD ALLEN, Esq., M.P. Price 35 cents. Toronto: S. R. Briggs.

This is a powerfully written book, burning with a hate of wrong and pity for the wronged. It is instinct with womanly delicacy and purity of feeling. It has reached its ninth edition in six months.

The Lord's Day : Its Universal and Perpetual Obligation. A Premium Essay. By A. E. WAFFLE, M.A.; 12mo, cloth, pp. xv. and 412. Cloth extra, price \$1.25. Toronto : S. R. Briggs.

One of the most important questions of the day is "The Sabbath Question." Hence the American Sunday-school Union offered a prize of one thousand dollars under the John C. Green fund for the best essay on the subject. Many manuscripts were received. After great care and much labour the prize was awarded to an essay which promises to rank as a foremost book on this vital subject. It is now published. It is entitled "The Lord's Day : Its Universal and Perpetual Obligation," by the Rev. A. E. Waffle, M.A., formerly Professor of English Literature at Lewisburg University. It is masterly in argument, clear in plan, rich in illustration, and bristling with telling facts. The style is pleasing and scholarly—the language forcible. The reader is carried along by the progressive march of the discussion, the grace of the diction and the enthusiasm of the writer until he reaches the end, wishing he had further to go in such a delightful way.

Commentary on the Old Testament. Vol. VII., Isaiah, Jeremiah. By H. BANNISTER, D.D., and the Lamentations of Jeremiah, by F. D. HEMENWAY, D.D. D. D. WHEDON, LL.D., Editor. Pp. 472. New York : Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price \$2.25.

The valuable commentary projected and in large part executed by Dr. Whedon is approaching completion. We regard it as the best brief commentary in the language. The present volume sustains the high reputation of its predecessors. It treats some of the most important books of the Bible and embodies the studies of such writers as Delitzsch, Lowth, Ewald, Stier Hitzig, Hengstenburg and many other special students of the subject. It is remarkable that all three of the distinguished commentators whose

names appear on the title-page of this work have passed to their reward. They rest from their labours but their works do follow them.

The Seeking Saviour and other Bible Themes. By the late Dr. W. P. MACKAY, M.A. Pp. 247. Toronto : S. R. Briggs. Price, cloth, 90 cents ; paper, 50 cents.

To thousands of the readers of Dr. Mackay's previous volumes, these posthumous papers will be received with great interest. Their fervent, earnest style is akin to that of "Grace and Truth." The subjects of the papers are of that pronounced and perennial importance which can never lose its value.

Outlines of Congregational History. By the REV. GEORGE HUNTINGDON. Pp. 201. Boston : Congregational Publishing House.

In brief space this book tells the stirring story of Congregationalism in England, in Holland and in America. The memories of the *Mayflower* will always inspire heroism. The lessons of lofty faith and courage and zeal this story teaches cannot be too often inculcated.

Methodism and the Missionary Problem. By the Rev. C. S. Eby, D.D. Toronto : William Briggs. Price 20 cents.

This soul-stirring address has already kindled the enthusiasm of public audiences in many places. It will be read with profound interest both by those who have heard it uttered with fervid accents by the living voice, and by those who have only the printed page. It rings like a trumpet call, summoning the Church to labour for the harvest of souls.

Charles Darwin : His Life and Work. By GRANT ALLEN. New York : J. Fitzgerald. Price, paper, 30 cents.

A pleasing narrative of the career of the great naturalist, with philosophical appreciations of his immortal treatises. Whoever would know the man Darwin, or would estimate his influence on the world of thought, will find in this volume precisely the information he requires.